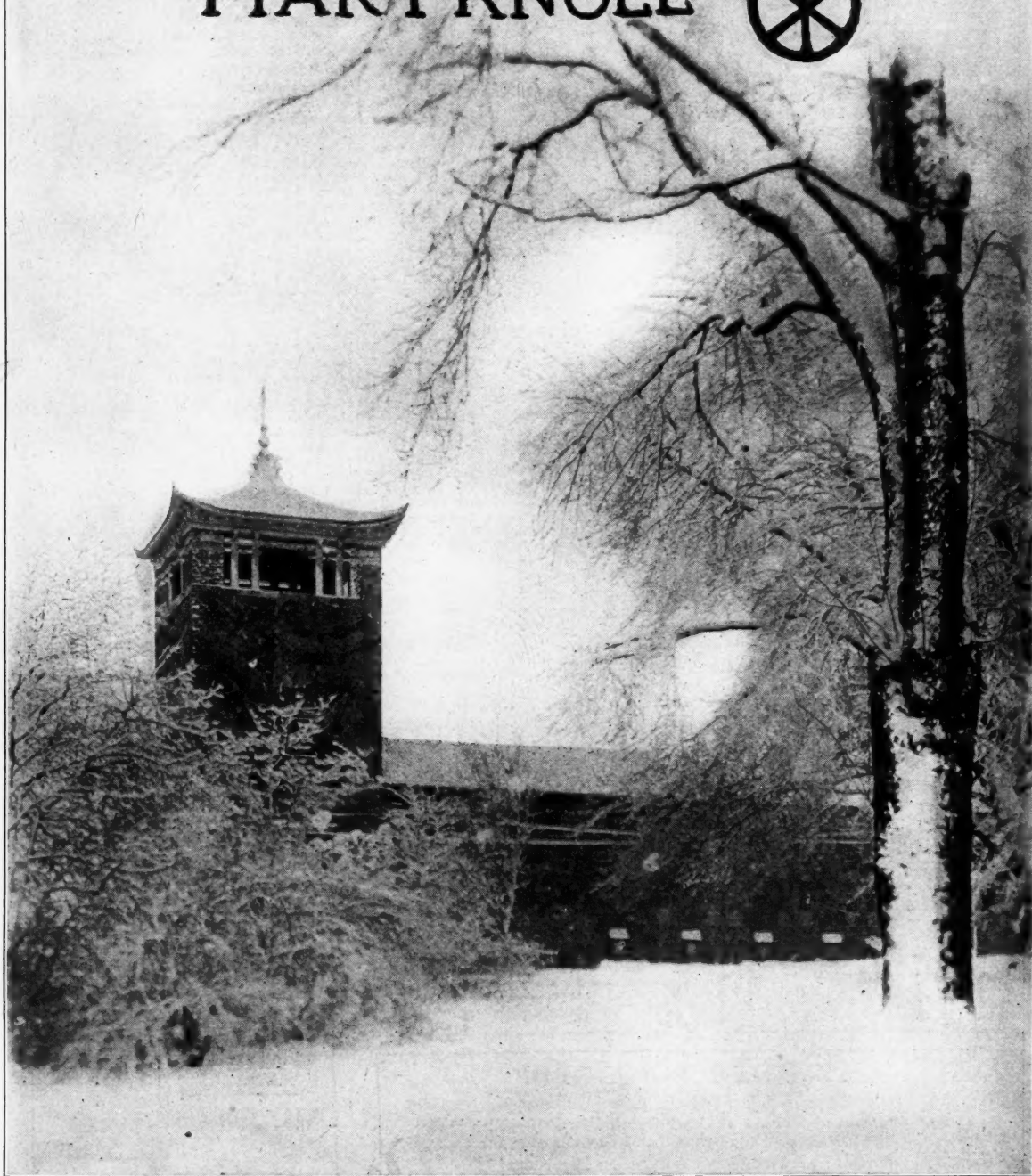


THE FIELD AFAR

MARYKNOLL



THE MARYKNOLL SEMINARY IN WINTER GARB

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1928

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The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

THE FIELD AFAR

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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(MARYKNOLL)

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When the Latest Group of Maryknoll Sisters Started Across the Pacific

The ribbons are paper. Each passenger holds one end while friends below retain the other until the movement of the ship breaks the physical link between land and sea



THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1928



CHRISTMAS IN MISSION LANDS

THE first Christmas of a young missionary in the "land of his dreams" is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Our readers will be interested in the following accounts preserved from our mail of last year.

THE FEAST AT KAYING

CHRISTMAS DAY here was a very happy one despite the absence of Santa Claus, Christmas tree, and snow. The day was cloudy and warm with occasional showers—but it was Christmas. Fr. Ford went off to look after the outposts; Fr. Downs, Fr. Eckstein, Bro. Augustine, and I made up the home guard.

Before Midnight Mass our little seminarians, singing in Chinese "Angels we have heard on high", filed into chapel just as we used to do back at Maryknoll; and as they chanted the Mass, with the *Adeste* at the Offertory, it was not hard to imagine ourselves close to you all.

One hundred and seventy-five Christians came in for the feast, and they had the joy of attending their first Solemn High Mass. Though we had to wear chasubles instead of dalmatics, we carried out all the ceremonials.

Fr. Downs and I built a crib in the chapel. We thatched the roof and walls with straw, and managed to find statues of the Infant and two angels. The only Blessed Mother image we could locate was a statue of the Immaculate Conception, so we turned it about in such a way that the Rosary hanging by her side could not be seen. Of course we were cheating, but the effect delighted the Christians.

The Field Afar as a Christmas present! It is only a dollar gift, but each month it will be a reminder of your thoughtfulness. And what is more, it will bring your friend such pleasure and profit that he or she will be always grateful to you for opening a new horizon on life's outlook.

Apart from the spiritual side of the feast there was little to remind us of Christmas, but we were happy. We had a can of plum pudding, and I made a paper fireplace—a shadow from the Maryknoll recreation room at Christmas time.

On Christmas eve I had five Baptisms—a little chap, two young men, a girl, and an old woman. It was a great joy, and it helped make my first Christmas on the missions a blessed, memorable one.

KONGMOON CELEBRATES

MY first Christmas in China was certainly a happy one. We decorated the chapel with bamboo branches and colored paper, and would have erected a crib, but we had no statues.

At midnight we celebrated a Missa Cantata in the seminary chapel. The priests' choir sang the Proper of the Mass; the seminarians the other parts. The village was under martial law, which made it impossible for the Christians to venture out at night. Only two managed to attend the Mass, and they were obliged to remain over at the mission.

Early Christmas morning our Masses began, and by half-past six the people were gathering. Soon the chapel was crowded. One could tell from their tones, as they chanted the prayers, that their hearts were overflowing with the joy of the feast. A little boy and girl received First Holy Communion. What a grace on the Morn of morns!

There was not even standing room at the nine o'clock Mass. Fr. Kiernan sang it, and we few priests were the choir. The Christians from Kongmoon attended.

In the late afternoon we had Benediction, and once again the chapel was crowded to the doors. Bishop Walsh, who had been at one of the out-stations for Mass, arrived home just in time to greet the Christians. They all seemed very happy as they left the mission at the close of a blessed day.

And so passed my first Christmas on

the missions—as joyous as any I have known.

A KOREAN CHRISTMAS

OVER here where conditions so closely resemble those we imagine in connection with the first Christmas, it is not at all difficult to be close in spirit on Christmas Eve with the Holy Family journeying to Bethlehem. Yeng You was filled with Christians who had come in for the feast, and many of them had walked great distances over winding mountain roads.

The first fruits of our Industrial School were gathered for the Christ Child when three of the girls received Baptism before Midnight Mass. Three others had been prepared, and had hoped even up to the last that they might become Christians; but their parents refused to sign the promise that they would not marry them to pagan husbands.

The night was just what you at home would call "perfect Christmas weather". Though a light snow had fallen during the eve, the sky was dotted with stars. Lanterns had been strung around the compound, and a bright light, Bethlehem's star, shone from the tower of the mission church. The children sang carols before Mass. There must have been four hundred Communions at High Mass, and the faith and love of these poor people sounded a new note of joy in our Christmas experiences.

Fr. Kim went to Oppa, a mission station, for his second Mass, and the Christians waited until his return for another High Mass at half-past ten. After this they came in crowds to wish us a happy feast. We gathered the

Your Christmas gifts are limited by your purse. This is as it should be; but in all probability you are asking yourself: What shall I give to —? and to —? There are Maryknoll books to meet all needs. Your perplexity will be solved if you consult the list on the back cover.

READ "THE MARYKNOLL MOVEMENT"

children for a little Christmas party in honor of the three newly baptized, and when evening came it closed a blessed day, especially for those of us who had celebrated our first Christmas on the missions.

A FIRST CHRISTMAS IN HEEIA

OUR first Christmas at Heeia confirmed what we had heard so often at Maryknoll—that nowhere is there more joy at this blessed season than on the missions. Even warm weather and a downpour of rain could not dampen the Christmas spirit, and we shall always look back to it in happy memory.

The little church was crowded at midnight, for we were to have what most folks here had never attended before—a High Mass. The children—many of them pagans—sang the Mass, and their clear, sweet voices seemed appropriate for the Christ Child's feast. Our greatest joy was centered in two little ones who received First Communion.

The Christians showered us with gifts—chickens, ducks, bacon, fruit, cakes, and so forth. We even received a *luau* (a native feast) which consisted of a big piece of roasted pig, a great quantity of poi, and many delicacies the names of which we do not know. The people are extremely poor, and their generosity, so sincere and always edifying, seemed a special part of the spirit of Christmas.

IN THE TROPICS

THE Christmas celebration for Malabonites begins with the Aguinaldo Masses nine days before the feast. Each morning, Mass is offered at four o'clock, but from three o'clock on, the band, fireworks, and church bells provide a program. One morning as we entered the church in time for Mass, the band played "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here". During the Holy Sacrifice the organ is accompanied by castanets, but at the Elevation the band plays the Philippine National Hymn. As soon as Mass is over, the fireworks are continued.

Drop down, ye heavens, from above,
and let the skies pour down the Right-
eous One. Let the earth open, and
let her bring forth the Saviour.



A CRIB ON SANCIAN ISLAND
*The place where St. Francis
Xavier spent the last moments
of his life on earth*

We found this celebration all very strange at first, but it springs from the strong devotion of the Filipinos to our Blessed Mother.

"SILENT NIGHT" in Manila was glorious, moonlit, warm, and balmy as a spring evening at home.

Many of the girls stayed at the Hall for the holidays, and we left to them the decoration of the chapel and preparation of a crib. They took much interest, and the results were fine.

The crib had a special meaning for them this year. Following the Maryknoll custom, they contributed straws during Advent—each straw representing an act of kindness, a mortification, or a special prayer. On Christmas Eve, the little Infant in their crib rested upon the straws their love provided.

We had Mass at midnight, and the girls did well with the carols. At the moment "when Eternal Beauty came down from high heaven", we felt wonderfully close to all Maryknollers. After three Masses, the girls formed a procession and visited the three cribs—one in each building on the compound. They seemed to enjoy the feast; and, needless to say, the three Maryknollers found special joy in their first Christmas at St. Mary's Hall.



Korean Christians leaving the church after Christmas Mass

PUT MARYKNOLL IN YOUR WILL

A HOMELAND MISSIONER

HE came from a trackless northwestern state, and beamed with the zeal of a new apostle. Our ears are always open to stories of privation in the quest for souls, and we were as edified as we were surprised by all that he told us of his missions: edified because his story revealed a very high type of apostolic worker; surprised because, although we knew that there are places in this country which call for great sacrifices, we had not pictured conditions quite so bad as those he described.

Assigned to a territory as large as a good section of New England, this priest, still very young, found himself successor to two others whose failures, utter and dismal, had made the Catholic Church a reproach among men. There was no welcome for the new priest except from a few faithful souls, and his appearance on the street called for insult—occasionally for threats of violence.

Journeys were long, tedious, and dangerous. His experiences include a fall from his horse on the edge of a cliff with consequent broken limbs; a heroic crawling to shelter from wolves; a drag to a hospital, sixteen miles away, strapped to planks drawn by a pair of mules—a category, in fact, that would recall the Apostle of the Gentiles.

As we listened to this young priest, we felt that in this country there is material which if put before the eyes of American Catholics would soften hearts toward the mission cause at home and abroad (there is only a geographical distinction).

And here let me add that almost since his appointment as pastor this home missionary, whose income is the slenderest trickle, has supported a Chinese student

Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, call together the nations, tell it out among the people, and say: Behold God our Saviour cometh.

THE MISSIONER'S CHRISTMAS

American missionaries in the Orient look forward all the year to Christmas remembrances from the folks at home. Have you a foreign missionary on your Christmas list? Your gift to the missions is a gift to Christ.

for the priesthood, sending one hundred and twenty dollars a year to Bishop Walsh at Kongmoon. How does he do it? By adding to his trials voluntary sacrifices, retrenchment of smokes and other comforts, he accumulates the small sums which he forwards to Maryknoll monthly.

When he spoke of the native seminarian, he ascribed the success of his own mission efforts, which include an unusually long list of converts and revived Catholics, to the blessings that come from this charity. Surely his spirit will react also on the mission in China as well as on his own. And so all things work together unto good to them that love God.

THE UNFAILING TRIBUTE

THE FIELD AFAR is wonderful. It acts as a "bracer" for me.—*Mo.*

There is no magazine we receive so welcome as THE FIELD AFAR.—*Ky.*

Two dollars is little enough for one year when THE FIELD AFAR is in question.—*Minn.*

THE FIELD AFAR is an exceptional magazine at such a low price. I couldn't very well do without it.—*Mass.*

Enclosed find money order for THE FIELD AFAR which I love. It is the finest little paper that ever was.—*Mass.*

Your magazine is not only interesting but also educational. I enjoy reading it more than I can say.—*Mass.*

I would not for worlds wish to discontinue my subscription to this very interesting magazine.—*Conn.*

Please renew my subscription to THE FIELD AFAR. We just love it, and feel that we could not do without it.—*N. Y.*

Enclosed find the renewal of my subscription to THE FIELD AFAR. It grows

better and better all the time.—*Calif.*

I chanced upon an issue of THE FIELD AFAR and like it so much that I am sending a year's subscription.—*N. Y.*

Sister and I "devour" THE FIELD AFAR each month. We are eager to have news of Maryknollers at home or afar.—*N. Y.*

Enclosed find my subscription to THE FIELD AFAR. I am happy to send an extra dollar for I would be lost without the magazine.—*Calif.*

I have moved, and the Post Office has not forwarded my FIELD AFAR. I miss it very much. Will you kindly see that I get my copy as I feel lost without it.—*N. Y.*

I'll try to send the money for a renewal to my subscription next week. I can hardly afford it, but I do not want to lose a single issue of the magazine.—*N. J.*

I am a shut-in and do not get out very often, so I derive double pleasure from THE FIELD AFAR. I enjoy it exceedingly, and read it from cover to cover.—*N. Y.*

I am sending the enclosed money order for one year's renewal. I deeply regret it cannot be more generous for your magazine is worth at least three dollars a year.—*Pa.*

I wouldn't be without THE FIELD AFAR. If I slacken in my prayers for Maryknoll I renew them with zeal when I receive my magazine. I hope some day I will be able to give more than my prayers.—*Minn.*

THE FIELD AFAR, that delightful magazine, should be a joy in every home it visits. I wish you all success in your labors in the Orient, and trust God will grant you a fruitful harvest there.—*Ill.*

O Lord, come and make no tarrying; loosen the bonds of Thy people. And gather together into their own land them that are scattered abroad.

STRINGLESS GIFTS BEST

Our First Preparatory College Being Completed



MARYKNOLL-IN-SCRANTON

The tower and right wing have been built for several years. The remainder of the college is in process of erection. We also hope to roof the chapel

WINTER or no winter our building program is on, and, please God, we shall see it through. The great task is at the Venard, our Preparatory School and College at Clarks Summit, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton. There, in early October, a contract was signed, materials gathered, and a hoist erected for operations that, even as we write, are in progress.

The program calls for the completion of the Venard. This means more classrooms, dormitories, the library, study hall, permanent refectory, and faculty wing. It also means, if we can see our way to it, the chapel—as a fitting climax in this first of Maryknoll's Preparatory Colleges.

Fortunately, in view of this extension and to provide temporary housing space, the entire foundations were built two years ago, and the walls carried up to the first floor (of fortified cement); and we now look forward to an outlay of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, probably something more than this. However, when this work shall have been completed

we do not anticipate further enlargement of the Venard because we do not wish to have more than a limited number (one hundred and sixty) of students in any one preparatory school. (St. Joseph's Foreign Mission Society of Mill Hill has now some *three* preparatory establishments in *Holland*, and is about to start another in that small country. You see the point?)

How are we going to pay for this new construction at the Venard? We don't know. We are a national and international organization, and, while we naturally look for sympathy and practical help from those who know us best, we do not expect support from the diocese in which one of our establishments is located unless the establishment should be primarily for the spiritual benefit of the diocese.

At Clarks Summit our school is for our general work, and the appeal must be nation-wide, reaching individuals here and there who know and like us. Perhaps you

will pay for some of our bricks at the Venard. We should indeed be grateful.

To those of our friends who knew the late Bishop Hoban of Scranton we wish to announce that when we can see our way to erect the chapel (the foundations are in) it will be named in honor of St. Michael and in memory of Bishop Hoban, our friend and patron.

Furthermore, if you can help us to find friends of the late Bishop who would like to express their love and esteem for him, we shall be thankful for the lead whithersoever it direct us in America or elsewhere. Our Uncle Sam can carry a message anywhere.

(Since we wrote the above, a priest friend of Maryknoll, one who had a deep affection for the late Bishop Hoban of Scranton, has expressed his desire to contribute one thousand dollars toward the erection of St. Michael's, as the Bishop Hoban Memorial Chapel will be called. The entire cost of the chapel, including the crypt, will be somewhere between eighty and one hundred thousand dollars)

TALK MARYKNOLL

A Mission Trip

(By Fr. Francis X. Ford)

I FEEL like celebrating and I need an audience; hence this letter. The past year was one of retirement in the seminary, on account of our lack of priests, and, while I like the life, I realize I haven't the patience to continue it over long. This year, since we are opening several new missions, I am again a missionary and on my first visit.

Taking over a mission in China is not the cut and dried affair of home parishes. The outgoing pastor doesn't tell you the combination of the safe, the amount of Christmas collection, and show you his well-indexed parish register. But he does jot down the formidable list of stations to be visited (though your mind is a jumble of relative distances and shortest ways to reach a dozen or more places); he mentions glibly the principal men of each christianity, the salaries due the outstation catechists, the score of marriages to be investigated, the repairs needed in each chapel, the quantity of Mass wine on hand, together with warnings against the trickery of So-and-So, the virtues of his former cook, and some poor families that he has supported secretly. Although, while pastor, he may have boasted of his mission, on leaving, he is likely to disparage it to his successor, lest too rosy a view lead him into difficulties.

The farewells are purposely abrupt. Experience proves that if you give the Christians time enough for collective action, they will petition the bishop to keep their old pastor. In a neighboring parish, the bishop was obliged to threaten an interdict if the outgoing pastor's baggage was not restored to him within three days. The Christians had secreted it in the hope of preventing his leaving.

The annual retreat is the best occasion for changes. The priest must pack up some baggage to tide him over the journey to the center; he stealthily

Unto us shall a Child be born, and
His name shall be called the Mighty
God.

takes as much as he can and packs the rest for future shipment. A missionary's house is considered a community center and secrecy is out of the question. Recently I remarked that I had no watch. One of the Christians spoke up and asked what was wrong with the Ingersoll in my desk—a forgotten relic of American days.

No matter how short the warning, the Christians sense the parting, and the women cry and the children look serious and troubled, and many come forward with little gifts that embarrass you at the last moment and require an extra porter to be hired.

In the case of my predecessor, it was hard on the Christians, as he is a Chinese priest. I overheard them remarking to him that they had doubts about my ability in the language. At all events, they will miss the attention that only a native can give them.

My first stop was at Tsung Kow, a thriving town of a thousand shops, the port through which all our missionaries must pass from Swatow. Its chapel has been an eyesore and a byword these many years. It is an upper room over the kitchen of a restaurant, and much of the smoke and soot has registered on the walls. Up another flight of stairs is a small room for the priest.

This chapel serves fifty Christians from the villages on feast days, and the local dozen or so are faithful to Sunday prayers and rosary. There are at present five pagans under instruction, though I feel sure a permanent pastor could soon convert a goodly number.

We had an offer for one half the shop and sold it for two thousand dollars. Then we looked around for other ground, but, as Tsung Kow will soon be a parish center and as it must even now serve as our procure, we decided to spend all the money on as large a plot as possible. We secured a pleasant stretch of ground overlooking the river and facing south, along the Main Street, within several hundred yards of the steamboat landing. It is the equivalent of thirty shops in length. There will be room enough for a chapel, rectory, and convent. As the rectory must be large enough to take care of our missionaries passing through, besides storerooms for shipments, as a procure, the

Behold, the desire of all nations shall come; and the house of the Lord shall be filled with glory.

cost of erecting the rectory and chapel will not be under four thousand dollars, half of which will be paid by the sale of the remainder of the present shop. We shall have to look to benefactors to supply what is lacking.

The town commercially has grown rapidly these past few years. Unsolicited, we have had three offers for the sale of our shop. As the terminal of steam navigation, it naturally is a focal point of commerce. Two years ago, when I first came here, there were three steam launches connecting it with Swatow; now there are eleven.

We took one of the steamers to the next station, Sam Ho Pa, about thirty miles below. (Another station twenty miles below this one marks the limits of our parish and the No-Man's-Land where the Hakka language gradually mixes with the Swatow dialect.) Sam Ho means Three Rivers, and here the Han River branches; the main stream goes east to Fukien; a smaller one north to Kiangsi; while the Mui Kong ascends westward for a hundred miles.

I have an unfortunate sensation coming into the new territory; the place grips my affections and I fear disloyalty to my home mission. The natural setting of Sam Ho Pa on a bend of the river, with its three-storied shops a solid rampart a mile long, surrounded by wooded mountains, strikes the eye as first of all fitting. It is the first chapter over again of the early traders' settlements on the Mississippi. On a near-by hill is a hawk's "rookery", and literally hundreds of these little brothers of the eagle swoop and swerve in silence above the city, while in the trees and on the housetops wild pigeons coo and bustle about their nesting.

With all of China's centuries of civilization, she has retained wild bird life close to her doorsteps. I happened to bring on this trip a volume by Willa Cather (a gift from Fr. Superior

In Him shall all the kindreds of the earth be blessed; all nations shall serve Him.

ONE FOLD AND ONE SHEPHERD

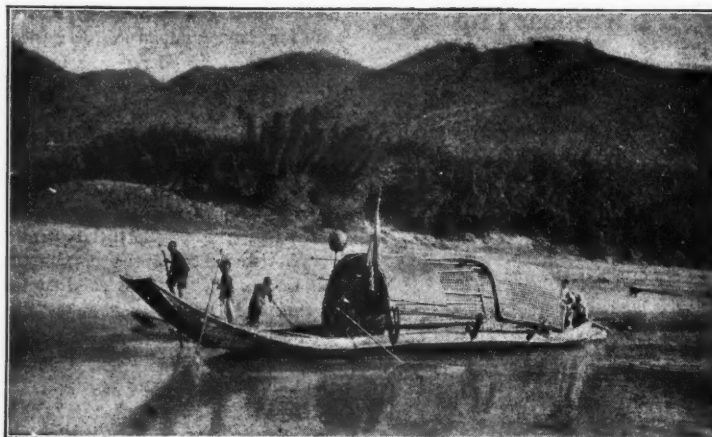
which the postman brought as I was packing my grip), a tale of early days in New Mexico. She remarks about the Indian, that no matter how long he has lived in or passed through a place, he never disfigures it. His aim seems to be that of effacing his presence and not interfering with nature. This is true in these Hakka mountains. Perhaps that is why the tiger still is found within view of the towns, and a hundred hawks sail lazily over the city. There may be a simpler explanation in the absence of smokestack and coal dust.

At Sam Ho Pa, we can appreciate the clear sky. We are perched on rising ground at the end of the city, high above the yearly floods that inundate the streets. The mission consists of a good six-room house and chapel, large enough to be called a church.

The history of the station is interesting and rare enough to be noted down. There were thirty Catholics in Sam Ho Pa without a chapel twenty years ago. One of them emigrated to Singapore and became moderately well to do. Full of faith, he returned and built this entire station, worth today at least ten thousand dollars. He showed uncommon business ability by building on the outskirts of the city, instead of in his native village several miles away. Moreover, he is promising the yearly support of the missioner and has already sent three hundred dollars to repair the place.

Unfortunately, most of the Christians here have emigrated and but ten remain. These came for prayers both morning and evening during the three days I stayed here, and with them two catechumens. A missioner here would also take care of about fifty Catholics within a radius of twenty miles. But, as one of our men remarked recently, why should we not count as parishioners all the pagans also?—in which case the future pastor of Sam Ho Pa will have two hundred thousand souls to care for, which is surely enough for one man.

The mandarin, hearing of my advent, did me the honor of calling—an unusual event in these anti-foreign days. He hoped that Sam Ho Pa would have a



(Photograph by Fr. Driscoll)

Under the hood of such a boat as this, the missioner can protect himself from too hot a sun. If he should feel so disposed he can have all the comforts and discomforts of a pullman berth

permanent pastor soon and that we would open a school. Pagan as he is, he assured me if a priest lived here, we should have many converts. If he were a Cardinal of Propaganda scheming for souls, he would not have appeared more earnest.

Getting out of Sam Ho was just as difficult as arriving, because of the bandits. I have been glorying to you that the Hakka Mission has no bandits, but it seems this must be qualified. Around the Chinese New Year and on the borders of our mission, we do have ban-

aits. New Year's Day is the day of reckoning of the past year's debts. The Chinese seem to prefer long-time notes which fall due at the end of the year. Curiously, the excuse is given that as money is tight the erstwhile honest farmers turn bandits to pay their debts—and, strange as it may seem, there is more than a grain of truth in this. A succession of good crops and a year free from military taxes means peace from bandits; a flood or battle is followed by an outbreak of thievery.

Coming down from Tsung Kow, we passed three steamers that had been



(Photograph by Fr. Malone)

One of many trails in the Maryknoll mission of Fr. Ford

SUBSCRIBE FOR A FRIEND

held up and cleaned out, with two men shot, and, as we neared the danger point, well known to all on board, we were asked to lie low; the doors were thrown open to give a full view of the interior of the cabins in the hope that as we passed, the bandits would imagine the steamer empty. It was a tense moment on board as we spied a dozen or so armed men on the shore. Personally, I had finished my Breviary for the day, which with its Advent cries for the Savior was appropriate. About me, prone on the floor, were a dozen pagans, and I wondered how their religion stood the test. The Catholic religion is the best to die in, after all.

Thank God, the bandits simply stood and let us go by. The down trip hardly pays them anyway, as the passengers have little baggage or money. The upstream trip carries returned emigrants who wish to spend the Chinese New Year's two weeks' holidays at home. They come dressed in the best and loaded with baggage. There is no such regulation as "excess baggage" for the Chinese, and usually his stuff takes up more room than his person, though he pays but a single fare.

Talking of returned emigrants reminds me that on my last trip a month ago, as we stopped for lunch at a midway house, a boy brought me a letter in English asking me to go to a nearby village. At the village, I met a young man of twenty years who was born abroad and could speak both English and French, but little Chinese. He had seen my cassock and felt sure I was a priest. He wished to know where the nearest church was. His parents were pagans and not enthusiastic over his conversion, and had told him there was no priest here. I was sorry to confirm it by saying the nearest church was eighteen miles away but he promised to make the journey as soon as he could.

He is the second case I have met this year. Born abroad, at first they are strangers here. Fortunately they become acclimated quickly, and, within a few years, they make more progress than we do in a life time, in the language. They seem to make better Catholics because of their background in more Catholic countries.

TO UNCLE SAM—AND YOU

WE have good friends among the employees of the United States Postal Service, and we believe that the majority of Post Office workers in this country are faithful, efficient, and honest; but we know, too, from almost daily experience, that there is "cockle in the wheat"—that alongside of good men there are thieves who are giving a bad name to the force.

With amazing frequency the complaint comes to us that a remittance of such and such a date has not been acknowledged. If the remittance was in the form of a check or a money order, either can be renewed without cost to the sender; if it was in the form of a bill sent unregistered, this means, in all probability, theft.

Great care is exercised at Maryknoll, and our office has been in many respects a model of efficiency; but we are sure that we have lost many friends who, failing to notify us that they received no acknowledgment of their remittances, put us down as unbusinesslike and gave up our cause.

Our repeated complaints have stirred the activities of postal inspectors, and we know that one thief who opened letters addressed to Maryknoll has been brought to justice. We are following this with other activities so as to protect you and ourselves.

In the meantime, we urge you to notify us by postcard or letter if within a reasonable time an acknowledgment of your remittance has not reached you. In this event, tell us if possible when and where you mailed your letter, and in what form you sent your money.

MEDICAL CONTACTS

(By Fr. Otto Rauschenbach)

PEOPLE sometimes ask what medical aid brings us. Is it worth the candle? What does it do for souls? How many actual converts have been made through medical mission work in a given time? St. Paul answers these questions for us by saying that secondary means, such as medical work,

are doors through which the Faith enters pagan lives.

Dispensary work provides contacts, and there was never a convert made without a contact. The following interesting cases explain the process as we have seen it operate in this part of the mission world.

Through village gossip, Ah-So learned of the ability and skill of the "American doctor" at the dispensary at Hoin-gan. She was troubled with a bad cold, and called on the missionary for treatment. She was recognized at the dispensary as a prominent mid-wife in the village, and therefore as a possible good friend, and so she received not only a remedy for her cold but also "a bit of face". As a result of that simple treatment and a little persuasion, she was induced to bring to the priest any babies that came under her care whom she feared would die; and as a result of that single contact over one hundred babies were baptized at the mission dispensary in the past few months.

In making a three-day trip across the mountains from Loting to Tungchen, you must pass the second night at a little Chinese inn or shop. You stumble in after a weary day, tired, exhausted, looking for nothing but a bite to eat and enough space to stretch out for the night. Lo, you are greeted at the doorway with a friendly "God bless you, Spiritual Father" that opens your sleepy eyes with glad surprise. How in the world did a Christian family drop down here in this out of the way place, two days' hard travelling in either direction from any of our missions? Inquiry reveals that the father of the family, suffering for months with an infected leg which threatened to leave him a cripple, found relief and a cure at the hand of a Maryknoll priest who happened to pass that way. He was so grateful that, like the man in the gospel, "himself believed and his whole household."

Every missionary can tell of similar incidents, all of which bring out the fact that among converts from paganism there are many who entered the Fold of Christ through the door of some mission dispensary.

Yes, medical work is a valuable phase of missionary life.

SUPPORT A CATECHIST

Notes from the Knoll

Christmas—

CHRISTMAS at Maryknoll.

Somehow those words have a special meaning to the members of a family scattered throughout the world. Whether in Rome, or tramping through blizzards in Korea or Manchuria, or sweltering in Honolulu or the Philippines, or enjoying better weather conditions in South China, the sons of Mother Knoll turn their thoughts homeward on Christmas Day.

They vision students bringing laurel for decorations; carolers awakening the community for Midnight Mass; the student choir bursting into the music of the Gloria; and the long line of Sisters marching across the compound after Mass in the clear, cold night, carrying candle lanterns in honor of the Christ Child. With a smile they recall antics of Santa Claus in the refectory; and then we hope that each will find the box which went to him from the students who would share the Home Knoll Christmas with their elder brothers in the mission field.

Christmas at Maryknoll is a simple affair, but it is already full of traditions and happy moments which become even more pleasant in retrospect.

Plasterers Out—

THE plasterers went from the Knoll in October, and the carpenters followed them not long afterwards. Both classes left souvenirs in the shape of defaced property, but this was not so worrisome as the bills that even yet await final payments.

We can understand now why our friends can never see an appeal for plaster. A bright idea struck the Maryknoll treasurer some years ago. He figured out the cost of a yard of plaster and called for at so much "per".

The laugh—or is it the plaster?—was on the treasurer. No living friend of Maryknoll paid for a yard of plaster, at least not consciously.

And that, dear reader, is one reason why we like stringless gifts.

The Widow's Mite!—

THE community had gathered for the noon-day meal. A passage of Scripture had been read, and the silence was broken by a clatter of many dishes. A messen-



THE CHRISTMAS CRIB
AT THE SEMINARY

ger approached the Superior's table.

We may whisper that at the moment the Superior was unusually pensive. He had been calculating needs and their corresponding costs, discussing ways and means with a matter-of-fact treasurer, and trying to cut the construction program.

Passing the soup ladle to his assistant, he left the refectory and found waiting for him a woman simply, rather poorly, dressed, whose immediate concern was lest she should rob him of valuable time. She had brought with her the fruit of many sacrifices

THE FIELD AFAR

makes an inexpensive
and ideal

CHRISTMAS GIFT

Subscription gift card sent
if desired

gathered gradually and converted into a small piece of paper that was nothing less than a *thousand dollar United States bank note*. She had come many miles to make this offering to a work which she seems to have followed almost from its beginning.

With difficulty we persuaded her to go over to the Sisters for some refectory. She was so fearful that she should cause trouble. God bless her! He certainly will because she loves Him.

When the matter-of-fact treasurer heard the story something that looked like a tear came to his eye as he repeated what every Maryknoller experiences sooner or later—*God's Providence is wonderful!*

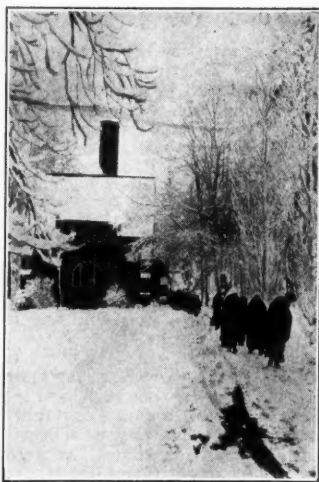
Visitors from Japan—

MARYKNOLL was pleased to welcome the Rev. Alphonsus Heinrich, S. M., who for the past twenty-one years has been director of the Morning Star School in Tokyo.

Fr. Heinrich is an Alsatian, sixty-seven years old. He has been around the world twice, and has founded five institutions in the Land of the Mikado. He has been vice-provincial of the Brothers of Mary for thirty years.

He brought with him to Maryknoll a smiling Japanese priest, also a Marist, Rev. J. Tagawa, recently ordained. Through a happy arrangement the two Marists sailed from San Francisco on the boat which carried the Maryknollers, Fr. Connors and Fr. Ryan, to the Orient.

SPREAD YOUR FAITH



A CALL TO CHAPEL
*Maryknoll Sisters leaving the
Field Afar Offices*

Roman Transfers—

TWO of the Maryknollers who studied last year in Rome are now in the homeland. Before leaving the Eternal City both passed successful examinations, securing the Doctorate of Theology.

One, Fr. John F. Hugues, is now teaching at the Major Seminary; the other, Fr. Joseph P. Meaney, is at our Preparatory College. They were succeeded in Rome by Fr. Francis Winslow who brought with him two of our young "philosophers", Arthur Kiernan of Cortland, N. Y., and Leo Melancon of Fall River, Mass.

Fr. Winslow will be spiritual director of the Maryknoll House of Studies which is now a settled establishment serving several very useful purposes.

Since his ordination in 1923, Fr. Winslow has been assigned to Maryknoll duties in this country. After postgraduate studies at the Catholic University where he received the Doctorate in Canon Law, he went to the Venard, our Preparatory College at Clarks Summit, Pa., and later to the Maryknoll center where he assisted the Superior General as a

member of the seminary faculty and in duties of the council.

In Hora Mortis—

A TELEPHONE call to Maryknoll from a New York hospital gave the information that a dying Chinese wanted a priest. The call had been placed by a Catholic doctor who in turn had received his information from a Chinese student nurse. Fortunately a Maryknoll missionary was at hand to respond.

News Writing—

THE realization that all missionaries must know how to write for magazines and newspapers resulted in the addition of a course in news writing to the seminary studies. A member of the faculty who formerly was a newspaper

man conducts the class which has created a demand for second-hand typewriters. Some of the students are praying to St. Francis of Sales, patron of journalists, to provide them with the necessary machines.

C. W. B. L. Gift—

A BIT of workmanship which aroused much interest was some stone carving. The sculptor, a son of Switzerland, had chiseled a representation of Christ the King over the main entrance to the building, the insignia of Saints Peter and Paul higher on the tower, and above the cloister an image of the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove. The Christ King stone is the gift of the Catholic Women's Benevolent League.



Our Snow-carpeted Woods

TALK "MARYKNOLL"

From Maryknoll-in-Rome to the Golden Gate

From our House in Rome—

WHAT echoes will come from Maryknoll in Rome this year we do not know, but our readers will find the following account of a Christmas experience interesting:

Fr. Hugues sang Mass at midnight for the Spanish Sisters at their convent chapel which was filled to overflowing. The Ambassadors from Chile and Austria, with their families, were present in evening dress. At five minutes before midnight, the Sisters' orchestra played the opening number, a Spanish Christmas hymn, while to the sound of organ, violin, *tambourines*, and *castanets* they crooned welcoming hymns to the so-soon-to-come Infant Babe of Bethlehem. It was a beautiful introduction.

As the clock chimed the hour, the procession moved to the altar, and Midnight Mass was begun. It seemed that everyone received Communion, grown-ups and children. The Sisters' orchestra and choir provided the music for the Mass. When Mass was ended—too soon for us—the deacon proceeded to the Crib at the right of the altar, and taking the Infant from the manger carried it in his arms to the celebrant. Then facing the congregation, with the ministers on either side, Fr. Hugues presented the Babe to each of the faithful who came up in turn to pay it reverence, and to kiss its little body. During the ceremony the Spanish orchestra played Christmas carols.

The second and third Masses then followed—a special privilege that had been obtained by the Sisters.

Our C. U. Group—

AFTER an eventful trip to the City of Senators, and a week of wanderings in halls of learning, looking for this dean and that, this year's crop of "Sprouts" settled down to a course that promises to give an interesting as well as a busy and pleasant year.

We had a novel introduction to the Rector. We were on the search for one of our classes, and asked directions. Following those given, we found ourselves seated before a professor who proceeded to explain the relation of Science and Philosophy. After the lecture we discovered we had been listening to Dr. Ryan, the new rector.

They tell us that a Mission Library is being started at the University this year.

Something that will please? Order now and spare yourself any last-minute worries. There is an attractive list on back cover.



Our College at Los Altos—

THANKSGIVING and December do not mean frost in this happy garden land. All but three of our boys have been raised on the shores of San Francisco Bay and have never seen snow. But Thanksgiving and December here mean buds, sprouts, myriads of wildflowers, and golden fields of poppies rolling away toward the orchards and out into the bay.

The three non-Californians cannot understand how all this can be in December. One boy came west from Pennsylvania; another was born in Canton, China; and the third first saw the light of day in Japan. We are very happy to have Orientals with us; this is the first Maryknoll house to be blessed with the presence of a Chinese and a Japanese, both students for the priesthood. Some of our boys who have an especial interest in Oriental languages are making good use of the opportunity to catch a few words and to polish their pronunciation.

A lady visitor recently remarked that we must have a janitor sweeping and dusting all day long. Another suspected that the good Sisters must be always chasing us with brush and broom. But not so. Each one of us has an assignment for fifteen minutes after breakfast each morning. That is all the housekeeping we do. It is good training for the students. They should be helpful to their mothers when they go home for vacation, and they will be ready to take care of their missions in Asia. Some admitted that they had never scrubbed a floor, swept a room, or made a bed before coming to us; but we have issued accredited janitor and housekeeping diplomas to all but one, and he should be graduated as first class by Christmas.

We had expected to spend the receipts of the annual Maryknoll Bridge Party held in September for a new water supply. But God has blessed us with vocations, and we had to turn over the money for furniture for the new boys—beds, desks, and chairs. However, we'd rather have the boys than a water supply. Strange, the first word

to reach us after the Bridge came from Los Altos: "The well is almost dry." And when it did go dry for a short while, we followed last year's routine. We borrowed a road sprinkling wagon from St. Joseph's College, and carried in the water, a bucketful at a time as need arose. Which, after all, is not bad training for China.

At our First Preparatory College—

WHEN the Venarders have been at their classes for three and a half months, they come to a full stop for Christmas.

The day before, the boys climb the hills and search the woods for laurel. The holiday spirit runs high, and they usually come home with arms full of greens. It does not take them long to transform the halls, chapel, and refectory, and by supper time Christmas eve all is in readiness for the Christ Child's coming.

The feast begins with Midnight Mass—one of the happiest memories of every Venarder. Then comes a light breakfast, with a glimpse of Santa who has a gift for each. No one is sleepy, but a few hours rest is next on the program; at seven o'clock they are up again for Masses and all that Christmas means.

Not a boy is late for the early train the morning after, and off they go for a bit of Christmas at home. Two weeks and they are back to us again—all set for the second half year of study.

From San Francisco—

DECEMBER showers bring wild flowers; November showers brought us canned goods, welcomed for table use at Los Altos. Pupils in different schools about San Francisco carried a tin can apiece to class for our Junior Seminary. A single can means little to the individual, but the gathering of many cans means much to us. Societies had can-shower nights at their meetings, and we were there to bring home the spoils. The Young Ladies Institute of San Mateo held a card party for the benefit of the Junior Seminary, and a delegate made a pilgrimage to us with the booty—a generous check.

The school teachers of the Sienna Club have been particular friends of Maryknoll for a long time. They are always interested in our needs, and eager to push a helping left hand right to the Asia missions themselves. They opened their rooms to the Maryknoll Sisters for the sale and display of art and needle work imported from the missions of China, Manchuria, and Korea. The idea was to attract the Christmas-gift-buying public, and was encouraging, since it awakened a new

READ MARYKNOLL BOOKS

interest in the Sisters' work in the Orient.

The Oriental diet is oriental, and the Occidental has difficulty adapting his plasticity to it. So when friends in Santa Clara Valley, land of sunshine and prunes, offered us six sacks of the prunes, we decided to give our priests on the mission field a treat. We divided half with them. Letters of gratitude have been profuse. The missionaries promise to save a big dish of luscious prunes as a delicacy for Christmas. Then they'll think of us.

From our "Old Mission"—

IN the chain of twenty-one original California missions, built between 1769 and 1823, San Juan Bautista, the fifteenth, was erected in 1797. The church in which Mass is still celebrated every morning has always been considered the largest of these missions. Today only fourteen of the missions are in use, and in only ten is daily Mass offered. Five have, beside the church proper, the large mission buildings where the Indians and padres lived and toiled. In view of this, San Juan Bautista is fortunate in having been so well preserved, and in possessing many old Spanish paintings, statues, vestments, and other relics.

We have our share of visitors and tourists, and Bro. Louis guides them about, showing all items of interest. One old lady told him she did not believe that the electric lights in the reception room were really the old lights Brother let her have her way. Another visitor felt sure that the temporary cement buttress holding up one of the walls was not there at the time of the Indians. All visitors are shown the old fireplace, the largest of the missions. It is pointed out to them how a whole head of cattle were formerly roasted on its burning embers. Upon hearing this, one little fellow was heard to say, as he rushed out to the next room to his father, "O papa, come in here to see where they used to fry the cows."

Our register reveals the names of guests from all parts of the world. It is a pleasure to take visitors around, and as many are not of the Faith it always affords an opportunity to explain about the Blessed Sacrament, the statues, the stations, and the confessional. After talking about ten minutes recently to a group of Japanese in an attempt to explain the confessional, and having concluded they understood, we were surprised to hear one say, "O yes, that is where you give the money." It took ten minutes more to straighten out matters. Someday we hope to know the Japanese language well enough to make things perfectly clear without resorting to English.



THE MARYKNOLL PROCURE IN SEATTLE

The procure is the first of the two houses. Directly across the street is the Japanese mission and the convent of the Maryknoll Sisters

Ours in Seattle—

THIS mission is spreading; we are forging steadily ahead and the number of new inquirers grows greater all the time. We are fifteen Sisters, two Brothers, one priest, caring now for almost two hundred children daily, with some thirty children in the home, and a Sunday congregation that crowds our little kindergarten-chapel. The men of our Men's Club number fifteen weekly attendants at Catechism lesson; our choir consists of fourteen adult women and twelve young ladies, and the number of communicants (all our Catholics are weekly communicants) require a full ciborium.

We have started what is believed to

be the first Japanese conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society ever organized. It is made up of sixteen men who have been meeting at the house every Wednesday evening for instruction. Ten have been baptized; six are catechumens. They have special devotion to St. Vincent, and his charity has found an echo in their hearts.

This little group also has the honor of beginning the first Japanese Catholic newspaper in the United States. *Shinri* (The Truth) is a four-page sheet, written in Japanese; there is a small section in English. It deals with Catholic practice and dogma.

They are most encouraging to work with, this group of converts; their spirit is that of the early Christians.



(Photograph from Fr. Murrett)

A group of first communicants gathered around our Seattle procurator

PLEASE RENEW PROMPTLY

THE FIELD AFAR

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Subscription for life.....\$50.00
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with all subscriptions)

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

© Wisdom, Who didst proceed out
of the mouth of the Most High,
reaching from end to end, with might
and with sweetness disposing all
things, come and teach us the way of
prudence.

TO all friends—East, West,
North, South, here and there
along the line, in these United
States, in Canada, and over the
oceans—we extend a warm Christ-
mas greeting. May the Christ
Child bless us all and strengthen
us to make known to others the
love we know He bears toward
every child of man!

THE late Father Price, co-
founder of Maryknoll, loved
to speak of the Blessed Virgin as
the Immaculate Conception. And
why not? We Catholics who know
of the apparition at Lourdes re-
member well that our Blessed
Mother announced herself to
Bernadette under this title: *I am
the Immaculate Conception*. De-
cember the eighth is a day of great
happiness in every community
where the Immaculate Conception
reigns. Ask her special protec-
tion for all missionaries.

The Field Afar—a Christmas gift.

THE diocese of Newark has
worked out a plan of coöp-
eration with the Missionary
Training Houses and individual
mission collecting agencies; it is
standing the test of experience,
and bids fair to solve a delicate
and difficult question.

We of Maryknoll are grateful
indeed to the zealous director of
the Propagation of the Faith So-
ciety in the diocese of Newark, as
also to Right Reverend Bishop
Walsh who has favorably ap-
proved this plan, for "to those
who love God all things work to-
gether for good."

CRUMB-GATHERERS they
are, these mite boxes we send
occasionally to our friends. They
invite offerings, and the best kind
of offering is the fruit of sacrifice.

We make no excuse when pre-
senting a crumb-gatherer to any
FIELD AFAR subscriber. We know
that if a subscriber is a reader,
and if he realizes—and this is a
positive fact—that THE FIELD
AFAR at one dollar a year yields
practically no profit, he will be
glad to express his interest in
Maryknoll by a substantial gift at
or around Christmastide.

In return let him be assured of
our gratitude, and of God's bless-
ing which is infinitely more pre-
cious.

SEVERAL of our readers have
called our attention to an article
on *Christianity in China* by Moore
Bennett. The article appeared in
a secular magazine, and was dis-
tinctly favorable to Catholic mis-
sions. We have been asked if we
read the article and what we
thought of it. We read it, and
can only say that if Catholic mis-
sioners lived up to Mr. Bennett's
idea of them, they should convert
the world.

From our own observations we
are inclined to the opinion that the
writer did not do full justice to
Protestant missionaries, among
whom are self-denying men and
women.

© Adonai, and leader of the house of
Israel, Who didst appear to Moses
in the fire of the flaming bush, and
didst give him the law on Sinai, come
and save us with an outstretched arm.

THE 1927-28 report of the Cath-
olic Students Mission Crusade
shows that six thousand, seven
hundred and twenty-eight (6,728)
classroom talks and two thousand,
eight hundred and thirty-eight
(2,838) lectures on mission sub-
jects were given. The fact that
the students were able to contrib-
ute \$540,900.31 to home and for-
eign missions also is gratifying.
But the most encouraging part of
the report states that more than
eleven million Masses were heard,
an equal number of mortifications
were endured, and nine million
hours of study were offered as a
help to missionaries. It is evident
that the increased effort to educate
American students to a realization
of mission needs is producing re-
sults in the right direction.

AN archbishop speaking of
Maryknoll some weeks ago
remarked that its banners are far
flung. We realize this as we note
that since September Maryknoll
priests have offered the Holy Sac-
rifice on about all oceans except
the Arctic and the Antarctic.

The last of the departants to
leave were Fr. Joseph Connors
and Fr. Joseph Ryan. Each
started off alone to give passing
talks in some of the seminaries
along the line, but they met in the
mid-west, going together across
the Rockies and over the Pacific.

Both of these priests were in
the Seminary faculty last year,
and both will be missed; but sep-
arations seem to be the rule at
Maryknoll, and we learn to smile
when they take place. If we did
not, our cheeks would be deeply
furrowed by this time.

Maryknoll books for Christmas.

PROMOTE OUR LORD'S INTERESTS

THERE is neither Jew nor Greek: there is neither bond nor free. Who has not thrilled at the democratic texts of St. Paul? Who has even read *Ramona* without a tingle for the red man, or failed to vibrate at a sympathetic rendering of "Old Black Joe"?

The trouble is that the thrill is often the beginning and the end of our response. We feel democratic, and we let it go at that. However, the spinal column is not the measure of virtue, and the righteous glow will not bring the brotherhood of man one whit nearer. Titillation of the emotions seems in fact to be little better than a form of self-indulgence; at least St. Augustine proposed to minimize hymn singing in the early Church on that ground.

It is not so much what we feel as what we do that will help. The next time a thrill comes send ten dollars to some needy cause before the glow fades. By squandering less sentiment and more sacrifice on good causes, both you and they will be better off.

¶

O Key of David, and scepter of the house of Israel, Who openest and no man shutteth, Who shuttest and no man openeth, come and take out of prison him who is in fetters, and who sitteth in darkness and in the shadow of death.

¶

THIS month recalls to every missionary the feast of St. Francis Xavier. And to Maryknollers, St. Francis Xavier appeals now most intimately since to Maryknoll has been entrusted, by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, the spiritual care of the island (Sancian) where his heroic soul took flight for heaven.

The story of the Saint's death on that lonely island has been often told. Lately we have made known the spiritual destitution of the Catholic remnant there, and the ruinous condition of the Memorial Chapel. Many prayers have



"A light to the revelation of the Gentiles and the glory of Thy people Israel." (St. Luke, II: 32)

resulted, and graces are sure to follow. Material aid has been withheld, but we are always hopeful that lovers of St. Francis Xavier will yet express their interest in the efforts now being made by brave, young, American priests to make the scene of Xavier's death a sanctuary of God.

¶

THE Maryknoll Superior left for Rome a few weeks ago, and he plans to return before Christmas. His visit is concerned with the final draft of the constitutions for the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

Under this title Maryknoll was blessed by the late revered Pope Pius X in June, 1911. Four years later the young society received the *Decretum Laudis* (Decree of Praise) with constitutions approved for ten years. The time for final approval was extended at the request of Maryknoll in 1925, so that further study of the final draft could be made. This has been done, and Maryknoll now looks forward to its first General Chapter.

In the meantime, the Maryknoll

O Root of Jesse, Who art a signal to the people, in whose presence kings shall be silent, and to Whom the Gentiles shall pray, come and deliver us now and delay not.

Superior will meet in Rome a representative of the Maryknoll Mission Superiors in the person of Fr. Francis Ford who after ten years of generous and faithful service in South China will have the privilege of receiving a blessing from His Holiness Pope Pius XI, and later of visiting his own homeland. Maryknoll begins to age.

¶

HOW are your missionaries faring in China these days?

The question comes frequently, and we find that as a rule the inquirer has been visioning all Catholic missions in that country as surrounded by armies.

As a matter of fact, Maryknoll missionaries have been singularly undisturbed, less disturbed than before the great "Nationalist" advance, because bandits have been scarcer.

And what of the new China? Will the country have peace now?

The future alone can tell, but conditions seem more promising than at any time since China declared herself a Republic. It should be remembered, however, that China is very large, that means of communication are few, and that, with the vast majority unable to read or even to converse except with people in their own section, new ideas will filter slowly into the masses. However, young China has been westernized, and wits are active. One may look for great changes, and we quite envy the opening that lies ahead for well-instructed, zealous missionaries.

¶

O Orient brightness of eternal light, and Son of righteousness, come and enlighten those that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

MISSIONS NEED SCHOOLS

From Maryknoll Stations in the Orient

SOUTH CHINA

Kongmoon

I HAVE been playing infirmarian since coming here, putting into practice what I learned in theory at home. The other day a boatman whom Fr. McGinn had helped at Chikkai came to the mission, and it was my chance to play good Samaritan. His was a pitiful case for he was covered with sores from head to foot. After washing off the dirt, I put on a regular plaster of zinc ointment; then, as the ointment would not help his feet since they are always bare and usually wet, I painted them with viatol stain which dries quickly. He was much pleased with the variation in color, and said that his feet felt better immediately. He went off happy, convinced that the American "doctor" is a *ho yan* (good Man). (Fr. Tierney)

Loting

I AM writing on the beautiful feast of our Blessed Mother's Assumption,

which has been a day of happiness here at Loting. We had a Missa Cantata at which our little Rose, the first orphan received by dear Father McShane, made her first Holy Communion. We cannot but feel he rejoiced with her and the many Christians who were here for the feast.

Loting is very peaceful. For the first time in a long, long while the city seems to be completely rid of bandits. Fr. Ashness and I are well. The summer has been unusually hot, but we have a shower, and that is a real blessing these days. (Fr. Kennelly)

Tung On

HAVE I told you the good news? We finally straightened out our land tangle, and the deed has been registered. There is nothing to do now but try to get some sort of a place in which to live, and we shall see to that right away. I am putting up a small house for the Christians; for the time being it will serve as temporary chapel,

also as quarters for the house boy, the catechist, and me.

The dispensary is still helping us to make friends, but it is functioning on very slender rations of bandages and gauze. I live in hopes that a supply will come soon from the Knoll so that we may keep going. It is hard to turn the people away, especially when we feel that the contact might have prepared the way for a future conversion, and that an immortal soul hangs in the balance. I sometimes think it would be a blessing if we could get some generous friend in America to settle our dispensary needs once for all; but that would not be the true missionary's way, which seems to be rather a dependence upon God's Providence from day to day. (Fr. Rauschenbach)

Kaying

THE schedule and spirit at our little seminary is about the same as that in the Maryknoll preparatory colleges



OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS CHURCH AT LOTING

(Photograph from Fr. Kennelly)

This church, which is substantially the gift of a Boston priest, stands today as a memorial to the late Father McShane who, as many of our readers know, died of smallpox contracted while ministering to an abandoned waif. The church was constructed under the direction of Bro. Albert Staubli, A.F.M.

PRAY FOR MISSIONERS



(Photo. From Fr. Kennelly)

ROSE

Rose was the first of many hundred waifs rescued by Fr. McShane. Most of them have gone to God. Rose recently received her First Communion

at home; during the school year we have the same routine as at the Venard. However, we shall not be able to have an institutional tone for some years yet on account of constant changing and shifting of quarters while building goes on. In this we are strictly "Mary-knollesque".

The new building is going to be fine. Already we have many rooms that do not leak. The roof promises to be dazzling, as the artists and sculptors are outdoing themselves in their efforts. There are flowers of brilliant colors, slices of watermelon, peacocks, and other species of birds, horses, elephants, dragons, and fishes. They painted a perfect picture of a box or tube of American tooth-paste with the name spelled exactly. A crooked column or a roof that lets in all the rain is a secondary matter; they needs must con-

sider their art and their public.

The musicians among the workmen entertain us evenings until about ten o'clock. I have decided that the men have an efficient corps of guardian angels. They can walk over a beam that would break if I stepped on it; and when a rock falls from the roof, it invariably misses just enough to avoid a fatality. (Fr. Eckstein)

Sak Tsen

THESE days Fr. Murphy and I are making a new altar. As I have told you, the church resembled an Irish threshing barn until recently, and we could not reserve the Blessed Sacrament. Now we are well on the way to having what the Christians consider a beautiful little sanctuary. The head mason is a Catholic, and he is as interested in the work as we are. What is more, he likes to use American tools, so we are getting on nicely. (Fr. Malone)

ON my way to Dhun Shak last week I met my first leper. Fr. Malone who was with me said that he was not very bad. Well, I don't know because he is the first I have ever seen, but having seen him I understand why priests and Sisters who devote their lives to these unfortunates are considered heroic. They surely need special grace.

Sometime ago we planted tomatoes in our garden, and they grew. We dined on sliced tomatoes for a few days, but they were strange; there must be something missing in the soil here. We then had the boy try tomato soup. He made it once—and—well, we went back to sliced tomatoes.

I have just finished training six of the boys, three catechumens, to serve Mass. They are always scrapping about who is going to do it, and who will wear the only white cassock we have. If one starts out to light the candles, he is likely to find, when he comes back, that someone has taken his place as server. We have their disputes to settle every morning.

Boys are boys the world over. When vacation time comes ours are glad to be through with school. It would not surprise me to know that some pray to be kept home occasionally to "mind

the bull". Over here they don't "mind the baby", but the "bull". (Fr. Murphy)

KOREA

Peng Yang

ABOUT ten miles out of Peng Yang there is a village that contains a treasure, the grave of a martyr who reposes undisturbed in the place where he fell for Christ. Non Jai is a quiet spot just far enough from the city to be untouched by the restless urge, so evident in the larger centers, to drop old customs, traditions, and dress, and to adopt the ways of the West. Non Jai is not unique in this; the whole country is thickly dotted with just such villages, where the only signs of Western invasion are little oil lamps hanging from the low roof beams of mud-walled huts. But it is unique in that it is, to our knowledge, the only village in the prefecture that claims a martyr's tomb.

According to local tradition, Non Jai



(Photo. from Fr. Rauschenbach)

FR. RAUSCHENBACH
PLAYS DOCTOR

His patient is only eighty-eight years old. This is her first and perhaps her last photograph. She walked miles to receive eye treatment

ONE FOLD AND ONE SHEPHERD

is the oldest mission station in the Maryknoll sector. Before the Faith gained entrance to Peng Yang, it won its way into the hearts of these villagers. Its growth has been slow but steady, and today Non Jai is the largest of our out-stations. There are one hundred and fifty Christians, and it is only fitting that the village should have a substantial chapel to replace the Korean house which the community has outgrown. At any rate, Msgr. Byrne has assigned a gift from a good Boston benefactor for the purpose, and Non Jai is to have a chapel. It will cost twelve hundred dollars; of this, the above mentioned gift will supply five hundred. The little group of Christians has promised to raise the other seven hundred, and if you knew them and their circumstances you would join us, I am sure, in saying "that's splendid!" And so it is. (Fr. Leo Sweeney)

Chinnampo

I HAVE just returned from an extensive trip up north; all the Christians received the sacraments, and were happy to see a priest. I had some difficulty going as the roads were guarded by Japanese troops. Since war is now agitating that quarter, it is dangerous to travel because of bandits.

I planned to return by boat to Shingishu; but the Chinese fired on the steamer some days previous, and killed a general, many soldiers, and some passengers. All traffic on the river was immediately suspended, and I had to come home on horseback.

Our little flock is growing as the months go by, and if we did not have two Masses I think we should have to erect a temporary church to accommodate the people. (Fr. Duffy)

A MARYKNOLL LIFE MEMBERSHIP

has these special advantages:

1. Spiritual Affiliation—including a share in the Masses, prayers, and sacrifices of those connected with Maryknoll.
2. Life subscription to *The Field Afar*.

BRINGING THE MESSAGE HOME



No picture of the Nativity of our Divine Lord can ever reproduce the First Christmas in all its beauty and holy mystery, but pictures do help to bring the message home.

Our first American-born bishop in China, Bishop James E. Walsh, is anxious to make use of the stereopticon as a means of making clearer to his Kongmoon people the message of Christ. The stereopticon has proved its worth as a means of evangelization in South China. Bishop Walsh plans to procure six stereopticon

lanterns for the use of his missionaries. Each of these machines is valued at seventy-one dollars. A gift, however small, towards this fruitful means of enlightening those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death cannot fail to gladden the heart of the Infant Whom holy Simeon called a *Light to the Revelation of the Gentiles*.

A Curé of Ars Experience in China

(By Fr. Joseph McGinn)

HE is a very old man with a kindly face and the fullest beard I have ever seen on a Chinese. His body is racked by years of toil, and he lives in the most wretched hovel on the poorest alley of an unusually unkempt town.

I remarked him on my first visit to Tin Tan when Christians and language both were unknown to me. Having offered Mass at the rickety altar and said a few words of introduction, I knelt for thanksgiving at one of the sawhorses that serve as pews. Gradually the Christians left the dingy chapel, and, raising my eyes to the Prisoner in the tabernacle, I fancied myself alone with Him.

"Bless, dear Jesus, these faithful ones; have mercy on the thousands so close and yet so distant from Thee." Thus I prayed, and I would have continued, but a low, mumbling sound not unlike a chant cut across my meditation, jerking me back to the world of sense. I listened; yes, it was a Chinese at prayer. But where? I turned, and my eyes searched the gloom. Ah, it comes from that corner. A few steps and I saw him squatted on the floor,

his stick beside him, his eyes riveted on the tabernacle.

"Catch him when he leaves," I thought, opening my breviary.

But I didn't. I left first as the duties of a long day called. Several times during its course I stole into chapel for a brief salutation, and always the old man was there. His presence puzzled as well as edified me. Doesn't he eat? He must; no Chinese neglects that important function. But when? He is in chapel at all hours.

There were Confessions, Mass, and Holy Communion the next morning, then I was off, the mystery unsolved. During the weeks that followed, my thoughts would turn to that rapt countenance and afflicted body. My slender stock of Cantonese was only half understood by these Hakka Christians, and that perhaps explained my inability to secure satisfactory answers to frequent questions concerning the fervent old man.

Less than a month later I again followed the rocky ascent to Tin Tan. The second day there I met him coming up Church Alley. Bent almost double, leaning heavily on the gnarled stick,

O King of the Gentiles and their desired One, the cornerstone that joinest the two walls; come and save man, whom Thou didst form out of slime.

he shuffled along slowly and turned into the mission.

"God bless you, granddad."

"God bless you, Father," and the lion-like head was raised. "You are very young, Father."

"Yes, granddad, I am a young American priest, newly come to this mission. I cannot speak Hakka very well."

"No. (These Hakkas are unusually direct for Chinese.) You speak the native language. God bless you." And he passed into chapel. Again he remained all day; the Blessed Sacrament was there. I could not but recall the farmer of the Curé of Ars.

And so on each visit. Whenever the Eucharistic Lord was present Mr. Chung remained as companion to the lonely Saviour. Once I missed him, and on inquiry I found he was confined to bed.

In the midst of a thoroughly pagan village seemingly impervious to the grace of God, this old man affords untold consolation to the missionary. Of course, he is not the only Catholic. There are others, a hundred-odd, and they are very good ones; but there is no one like to him in devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. The walk from the chapel to his poor home takes the missionary ten minutes; it takes Mr. Chung one hour. The suns of eighty-four tropical summers have tanned his skin, but his mind is clear, his sense of humor is keen, and his love of Our Lord Jesus Christ is very great indeed.

Foreign mission work is often physically hard, morally trying, mentally discouraging. Is it all worth while, you ask? Mr. Chung is one answer.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS AT KONGMOON

KONGMOON is a new mission, and like all such enjoys for the nonce the peace of inactivity. Money to expand will come some day, and in its train the bustle of progress and development. It will be a welcome change, for missionaries are anxious to be about their

Father's business; meanwhile our rustic isolation is not without its compensations.

One of them is its attraction for clerical confrères whose lines are cast in the busier centers. Among recent visitors were Bishop Nunes of Macao, and Bishop Fourquet of Canton, who fled the cares of state for a few days to find our welcome warm and our veranda cool. Above all they found the tranquil seclusion that new missions have, and old missionaries need.

The visits ended all too quickly, but not without promises of frequent repetition. We look eagerly for the day when the ripening harvest will banish quiet equally from our own cloisters, but meanwhile we surely enjoy our rôle as purveyors of peace to those who bear the solicitude of all the churches.

The first member of the American hierarchy actually to visit a Maryknoll mission in the interior of China was Bishop MacGinley of Fresno, California, who broke a jump to Sydney to spend two sweltering days at Kongmoon. He was accompanied by Fr. Daly, one of the priests of his diocese. A trip around our little port revealed a fair sample of old China, although indeed the oriental sights,

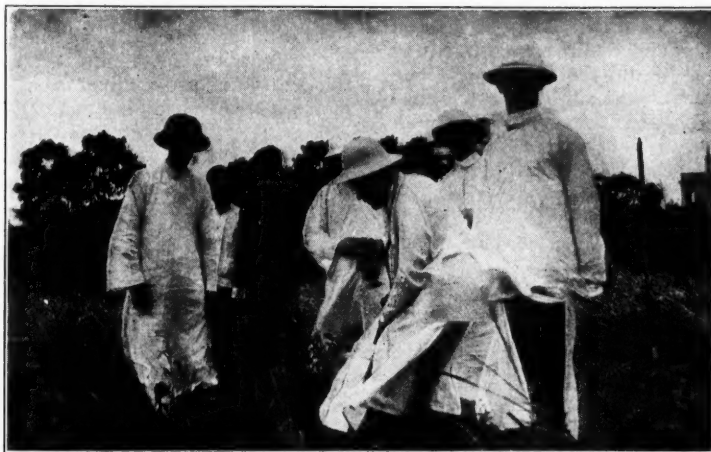
O Emmanuel, our King and Lawgiver, the expectation of the Gentiles and their Saviour, come and save us, O Lord our God.

sounds, and smells—novel to most Americans—were already quite familiar to the Bishop, an old hand in the Far East.

We had just signed a contract for the new Kongmoon church and we held what we like to think of as an historic little ceremony. Bishop MacGinley, surrounded by our budding community, blessed the ground and turned the first spadeful of earth, invoking the blessing of St. Francis Xavier and the Little Flower, official patrons of all missions.

This church, by the way, will be the most ambitious we have yet undertaken. It is merely a big chapel, but practically it will have to serve as a sort of pro-cathedral for some years—certainly during the lifetime of the present missionaries. However, a gift from a good benefactor in Boston will cover just one-sixth of the price, and that is what missionaries call being "in clover" financially.

Bishop MacGinley's all too short visit left us cheered and blessed, and he took with him on his way our warmest gratitude.



(Photograph from Bishop Walsh)

AN HISTORIC OCCASION

Bishop MacGinley, on his way to the Eucharistic Congress, visits Kongmoon and breaks ground for a new chapel

ADOPT A MARYKNOLLER

CAN YOU DO LIKEWISE?

I AM walking for a missionary. Maybe there is one somewhere worn out and tired. To lessen his fatigue I offer mine to God. During her last sickness when the seraphic child could scarcely move without exhaustion, the Little Flower would still think of her brothers on the field afar.

Those few halting steps were seen only by the infirmarian and the angels, but they have heartened missionaries from Alaska to Africa. A Chinese missionary recently blundered along after a sunstroke to the end of a sickcall. "If I live to be a hundred," he said, "I shall never be able to tell what kept my feet moving." Is the Communion of Saints a bad guess?

Carmelites do not take long walks. Perhaps they are afraid they would walk right into Heaven, for they say that Heaven is only a step from a Carmelite's cell. At any rate it was a short walk that the Little Flower took under the chestnut trees of Lisieux, but by those steps she walked into the heart of every missionary.

SISTER M. BERNADETTE TAM

WE recorded in a recent issue the death at Hong Kong of our first Chinese Sister—Mary Bernadette Tam. Sister Bernadette spoke and wrote English better than she did the language of her parents. Among her correspondents was an American priest who generously patronized the industrial school in which our young Sister was teaching. He has thoughtfully sent to us her last letter to him, and we quote from it as follows:

The outlook is a bit brighter these days. China has awakened to a realization of the purpose of Russia's help and to the menace of Communism, and is trying to rid herself of these troubles. The way is not clear yet, and there are outbreaks frequently; but these are in the nature of "house cleanings".

Make your gift money go further by taking advantage of our Christmas discount. The back cover will tell you all about it.



SISTER BERNADETTE (TAM) AT HER WORK IN HONG KONG

Sister Bernadette, a Chinese young woman born in Honolulu, entered the Maryknoll Sisterhood in 1921. She died at the convent in Hong Kong on June 17, 1928

We have begun in embryo a new work—the training of native girls for the religious life. They are poor country girls with practically no education, so we are still at the beginning of a task that will take some years. The girls will need to be educated in many things before they will be able to go back as teachers to their own people.

We are looking for support for these

girls; five dollars a month will take care of one. We should be glad if you would mention the privilege of supporting a native Sister and of helping her become a real missionary, and the consequent share the donor would have in the prayers and good works of such an apostle. Will you keep this intention in your prayers that this difficult but important work for China's millions may be done for God's glory?

Noted for Our Readers

UNDERGRADUATES in the Catholic University of America have twice sent to Fr. Dietz, the Maryknoll pro-vicar of Kongmoon, a very substantial and generous offering. Fr. Dietz himself was once an undergraduate at the Catholic University when in 1912 he received his A.B.

Within the past few years one Japanese bishop and three young Japanese priests have passed through the United States on the way to their homeland.

A letter from Japan tells us that recently there have been in all no fewer than fourteen Japanese priests ordained. To anyone who has watched the slow progress of the Church in Japan during the past quarter of a century, this

number is large and gratifying, full of promise for the future.

With elaborately printed programs, and sessions lasting five and six days, the Chinese students in America held their annual conventions during the autumn months. The mid-west conference took place in Chicago, while the eastern group met in New Haven. It was gratifying to note that Mr. Peter S. Yang, a young student for whom Maryknoll has acted as big brother, was appointed treasurer of the Chicago gathering. Unfortunately at both meetings there was a decided lack of contact with things Catholic, which oversight cannot be attributed to the Orientals.

FOR ONE YEAR—\$1

A Mexican archbishop presided at our latest Departure Ceremony. His priests are very few—one to many thousand people; and he met at Maryknoll a student native of his own diocese whom he would gladly welcome home.

His Grace, commenting on his need of priests, said:

I am happy to feel that my diocese will be blessed through this young man's dedication to the world-wide missions of the Church.

The debt of Catholic America to France was partially repaid recently when seven Sisters of St. Jeanne d'Arc sailed from Quebec for France. It was in the sixteenth century that the first Sisters came to Canada, and history shows how important their services were not only in religious work but also in education and social service. In 1914 the Sisters of St. Joan were founded, and they are now able to work for souls in the nation to which their country owes so much for its virile Catholicity.

According to a Fides Service report, there are as many Catholics in the city of Peking and its environs as are found in the archdiocese of San Francisco. This happens to be true because twenty-eight per cent of all the Catholics in China live in the Peking district. Besides these 289,000 Catholics, there are 1,718,073 of the same Faith in the remainder of China. This thought is encouraging until it is recalled that the two million Catholics are surrounded by more than four hundred million non-Catholic Chinese.

Shepherd of souls, Whose heavenly fold
The precious *other sheep* must hold;
Gather Thy flocks in pastures fair,
Thy name to bless, Thy yoke to bear.

The Holy Father wants a mission prayer to go up daily from the innocent hearts of tiny people.

It ought to be very short and very simple if the children are to give it a permanent place in the litanies that accompany them from mother's knee to their first vote.

Will not some kindly person

About Chinese Students in the United States

INTEREST in Chinese living in the United States seems to be increasing among American Catholics. Articles and letters on the subject are appearing in Catholic periodicals, and recently a group of priests formulated plans for establishing contact with Chinese in non-sectarian universities.

A letter received at Maryknoll from Mr. William Hoy, a Catholic Chinese of San Francisco, summarizes the importance of the new movement:

I think that very few Catholics in this country know just how important it will be for the Faith in China to train the Chinese students who are studying here in the doctrine of Catholicity. These students are the future intellectuals and leaders of China, and whatever they learn in this country they will, when they return to China, apply that same knowledge to the making of a really New China.

If these students are taught the necessity of religion to humankind they will be staunch crusaders of Christ when they go back to their country. But if they are taught the unimportance, the needlessness of religion to mankind (as they are now being taught in secular schools), then Christianity in China will never progress.

improve on the feeble effort here given?

The Missions want, need, and indeed demand as a right, the inestimable help that may be expected to result from this suggestion of the Holy Father. Teach the children to be apostolic.

Records at Maryknoll disclose that, in response to appeals sent out by the Maryknoll Superior, twenty Oriental Catholics have been provided with an education during the past eight years through the coöperation of a few of the Catholic colleges and universities in the United States.

The case of Francis Li is typical. He went from China to Europe to secure an education. A drop in the value of the franc brought about financial reverses, and he was obliged to seek the help of Fr. Lebbe, well-known missionary. Fr. Lebbe wrote to Maryknoll, and a scholarship was found for Francis at St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn. After college work at St. John's he was accepted without charge at Notre Dame University where he is now engaged in postgraduate work.

All of his spare time is devoted to bookbinding or other work which brings in money for meals and similar expenses. Francis hopes to go back to China next year to take his place among the Catholic leaders of his nation.

Mill Hill, the English Foreign Mission Seminary, reports that the Society has opened the scholastic year with one hundred students in Theology. Mill Hill now has two preparatory colleges in England, three in Holland, one in northern Italy, and one in Austria.

GROWING PAINS

Under the Providence of God, the Maryknoll family has increased steadily, and there is promise of an even greater number of vocations to the foreign missions in the near future. During the time of training, the growing family has to be housed, and so Maryknoll is building all along the line. Important building operations are going forward at the Preparatory Colleges in Pennsylvania and California, while the Center is being gradually completed as funds permit. Those are true friends indeed of our work who lighten the burden of our Treasurer when building-bills come in.

FOR LIFE — \$50



TO MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



DEAR JUNIORS:

Christmas is almost here. It has been on my mind so much lately that I had a dream about it, and I think the dream will interest you.

I was in a cave near Bethlehem. The infant Jesus was there, and with Him were His Blessed Mother and St. Joseph. I noticed that the Child was resting on some hard wooden boards because there was no straw in the stable. Presently two angels entered the cave, each bearing an armful of straw. To each sheaf was attached a little silver tag that shone with wondrous brightness in the pale light of the cave. On one tag I read, "Sacrifice Offerings"; on the other, "Good Works". On each straw was the name of one of my Junior friends, and next to the name was written the nature of the offering. Some were rosaries; others were acts of self denial; while still others were acts of obedience or hours of study.

The angels carefully arranged the straw and placed the Infant on it. Again I heard the sound of singing, and this time whole choirs of angels entered the cave and knelt in adoration around the crib. Finally came torch-bearers and choristers escorting an angel carrying a bundle of golden straws. Approaching the crib, the angel very reverently laid them under the Holy Child's head. These straws bore the inscription, "Vocations to the Christ Child's Apostolate", and on them were written the names of some of my Juniors. These Juniors were giving their lives in order to spread the story of His life among the people of the East. How happy the Christ Child was, surrounded by the straws of sacrifice which my Juniors had given for His crib.

It was only a dream, Juniors, but I wonder if it will come true. Let us try hard during Advent to pile up straws for the crib. It will make

SOMETHING TO DO—1

When sending in your Advent mite box, Junior, let it tell the story of its stay with you. Ten SURPRISE PRIZES await the authors of the best mite box autobiographies received by Christmas Eve.



*A Handful of Straw
for the Christ Child*

our Christmas a really merry one. Don't forget to keep a record of your sacrifice straws, and send it to me before Christmas Eve.

Yours for a Christmas of many joys,

Father Chin

The Night Before Christmas

'Tis the night before Christmas and
Billy and Jim
Rush all through the building
With hurry and vim.
"Say, Bill," calls out Jim,
"Let's start fixing that pine.
In a minute or two this old room
Will look fine.
Give Charlie that basket
Of holly and stuff
He needs for the Chapel;
I think there's enough.
We put that big wreath
Out front on the door,
And there's laurel a-plenty
From ceiling to floor."
So the Maryknoll lads
Keep happy and bright
Getting ready for Christmas
Far into the night.
But Midnight draws near
And it comes time to stop;
Then off they all dash
With a skip and a hop.
And the big bell starts ringing
And calling the boys
To the Mass that begins
A real Christmas of joys.

PRAY FOR MISSIONS

LEAGUE CATECHISM

Chapter IV

1. How does a member of the Maryknoll Junior League observe Advent?

First, he prepares in his own heart a big welcome for the Infant Jesus. Second, he helps the missionaries to make a home for Jesus in pagan hearts.

2. Name three tools that a Junior uses in both these tasks.

Prayers, good works, and sacrifices.

3. What is one popular form of a Junior's sacrifice?

Feeding a mite box the coins that might have paid for a sundae, a movie, or some other goodie.

4. How can filling a mite box help prepare a welcome in one's own heart for the Infant Jesus?

It is a splendid preparation because each little act of self-denial is done out of love and imitation of Him who sacrificed ALL for us.

5. How can filling a mite box help the missionaries to make a home for Jesus in pagan hearts?

Missioners need money to carry on their works of charity, and every coin dropped into our mite box means much to them.

6. What pre-Christmas present should every Junior get?

A RADIO MITE BOX from Father Chin.

7. What do you think Father Chin would like to receive for Christmas?

A RADIO MITE BOX from every Junior and plenty of sacrifice straws.

8. Which class will merit the Junior Banner this month?

The one that makes the most generous gift to the Christ Child.

SOMETHING TO DO—2

Photographers get busy! Group together all the Maryknoll Juniors you know, and then "shoot". A Maryknoll book for the most attractive snapshot, and Vatican MISSION MEDALS for the nine next-best.





TO MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



Bud and Her Dolls

"AW say, Bud, won't you come and pitch for us?"

"All right—just for fifteen minutes, though."

The door of the elevator, carrying the crowd of urchins to the playground, clicked. Bud, the playboy of the neighborhood, scanned the eager faces about her. Such a picture! Francesco and Giovanni peered expectantly through the gateway with large black eyes which betokened an Italian lineage. Vivacious, strong featured Rachael, madly gesticulating to a group of interested listeners, proved her descent from the children of the Promised Land. Flaxen-haired, blue-eyed lads and lassies told of Northern climes. "And I'm Irish," thought Bud. "What a mixture!"

After fifteen minutes, the star pitcher put by her baseball glove, and in no time was assuming an entirely different role in a neighboring tenement next to the church.

"Hello, Doll! How are you?"

"Oh, Bud, what kept you so long? I thought you would never come."

The speaker was a wee Italian cripple on whom Bud lavished the strength and gaiety of her tender heart. Seraphina was Bud's dearest plaything, her "doll"—as she was wont to call her.

"Well, you see they wanted a pitcher for their big game, so I lent my valuable services for fifteen minutes."

"Oh, Bud, will you ever stop playing boys' games? You'll be in high school next year." Gentle, delicate Seraphina was distressed.

"Well, we won't worry until I'm actually in high school; then I promise to be a model of goodness. Honest!"

Bud's eye sighted an unfamiliar picture above Seraphina's bed.

"Say, what's that you have here? It looks just like the crowd I went up with in the elevator today."

CHINESE LEARN CHINESE

The angels welcome Christmas
With very sweetest angel-song;
And here is "Christmas Greeting"
That's from our Chinese brother,
Wong;

恭 祝 聖 誕

Pronounce: kung chu sheng tan

Now learn to write this greeting
That came from Wong, across the
sea;

Then tell dear Baby Jesus:
"It comes with love from Wong
and me."

"Oh, oh, Bud, you funny girl—no."

"Well, it looks just like them. If they had had their pictures taken, why, why—"

"Now stop your foolish talk, Bud. That is 'Our Lady of the Missions.' Father Toma brought it to me the other day. Come over nearer and see for yourself."

"You see how Our Lady gathers around her children of every race to bring to her Infant Jesus. How would you like to help her?" he said.

"I should love to, Father—I answered. 'But how? I can't ever be a Sister.'"

"No, but you can suffer for some missionary. Every time you feel pain you can say—Dear Mother, give some heart courage to help Jesus save souls!"

"Then he left me, and I was so happy."

Bud was deeply moved.

"Well, Doll, I'll have to run along now. I'll see you tomorrow"—and bending down she lovingly kissed her.

Christmas Eve came around, and expectant hearts eagerly awaited the joys

of Christmas Day.

Lying quiet in her little room, Seraphina was happy in the thought that by her sufferings she might offer at least one soul to God at the Christmas Crib in Heaven. Early in the evening Bud called to place her little remembrance in Doll's stocking.

"You'll be able to hear the singing at Midnight Mass, Doll, dear. Why, you can see the star over the altar! You look almost like a little angel yourself. Please don't fly up to Heaven just yet."

"Oh, no, but how happy Heaven must be on Christmas Day! I feel myself wishing I might go and adore there since I cannot visit the Infant here. . . . Bud, when I do go to Heaven, I'll ask Our Lady to make somebody a real missionary—one whom I may help all the time."

Propped up on pillows close to the window so that she might see the resplendent Christmas star, Seraphina listened intently to the choir.

A blessing descended on the worshippers with the *Dominus Vobiscum* of the priest; then, as he continued *Offerimus Tibi*, the choir carolled "Angels We Have Heard On High".

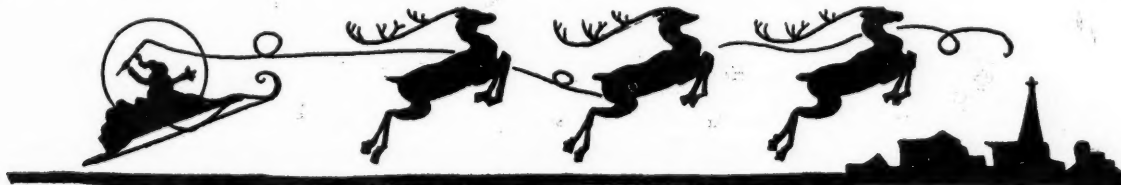
Was it at that moment that the soul of Seraphina joined in the singing of the Angels on High? In the morning she was found joyously radiant even in death.

Twelve years passed, and again it was Christmas. As Sister Seraphina passed through the long line of cribs in the nursery of her Chinese orphanage, a forlorn waif was brought in.

"Sister, what will we call this one? She's our first real Christmas present."

Sister Seraphina paused while myriad thoughts of a Christmas long ago flashed through her mind.

"Let's call her Dorothy—*God Given*—for He gave her to us through someone's prayers."



STUDY THE MISSIONS



TO MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



A Merry Noel

(A Christmas Drama in One Act)

Time: The day before Christmas.

Place: Father Chin's Office.

Father Chin: (Staring at papers on his desk) "Only four!—only four!"

Johnny Junior: "What's the trouble, Father? Four what?"

Father Chin: "I'm afraid, Johnny, that my Juniors are going back on me. I expected a large number of Christmas letters, and so far only four have come."

Johnny Junior: "Oh, is that all! Cheer up, Father; there's lots of time yet. Wait until all the mail is in."

(Johnny paces briskly up and down the office trying to squeak all the squeaks out of a new pair of shoes. Presently he stands still.)

Johnny Junior: "Listen. Here comes the mail truck now. Let's see if there is anything for us."

(He rushes out. Father Chin turns on the lights; it is getting dark. He draws aside the window curtains and places a Christmas candle in each window. He stops when he hears Johnny returning.)

Johnny Junior: "Oh look! Two whole mail sacks for us! Clear off your desk and see who sent them. Look! *Father Chin, Father Chin, Father Chin*—two whole bags addressed to Father Chin."

Father Chin: "This is fine, Johnny. Here are the mite boxes, the 'Handfuls of Straw', the Christmas Greetings and everything."

Johnny Junior: "Hurray for the Maryknoll Juniors! I wish them all a Merry Christmas! Come on, Father. Leave them all here until tomorrow. The boys are having a jolly time fixing

SANTA STUMPED



"I don't quite understand you, little man."



1. CHRISTMAS CAROL

What well known Christmas carol is hidden here?

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNQRSTUUVWXYZ

2. TIME TEASER

When Mass begins at Midnight at Maryknoll at home,
What time will the clock be striking at Maryknoll in Rome?
What time will it be on the missions in China across the sea?
Examine last June's FIELD AFAR and there you will find the key.

3. MISSING WORDS

It ought to be easy for every Junior to supply the missing words for "Silent Night".

Silent Night! **** Night!

All is ****, all is bright,

Round yon Virgin ***** and Child!

**** Infant so tender and mild,

Sleep in ***** peace,

Sleep in ***** peace.

SEPTEMBER PUZZLE CONTEST

First Prize Winner—Marianne Muldoon, Camden, N. J.

Second Prize Winner—Cecile Meunier, North Adams, Mass.

Honorable Mention—Mary Shea, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Joseph Prendergast, Belleville, N. J.; Frances Kirby, Columbus, Ohio; Joseph T. Perkins, South Boston, Mass.; Margaret Bennett, Newark, N. J.; Mildred Lee, Buffalo, N. Y.

Puzzles Solved:

1. DIAGONAL WORD—Kongmoon.

2. CODE PUZZLE—"Going therefore teach all nations."

3. HIDDEN NAME—Theresa.

up the play hall. Let's go up with them."

Father Chin: "All right, Johnny. Wait until I dig myself out. This certainly has been a regular blizzard of Christmas mail."

(They go out together, Johnny skipping along and singing:

Up on the house-top aeroplane stops;
Out jumps Santa with a couple of hops.

He peeks down the chimney with a sly little look

And drops in my stocking a Maryknoll book.)

Curtain

Good Will Greetings

A GOOD START

One of the first things Sister Cornelia did when we entered the Fourth Grade was to interest us in your work in China. We enjoy reading THE FIELD AFAR very much and we will do all we can to help you save the little Chinese babies.—*Roberta McCabe, St. John the Evangelist School, Schenectady, N. Y.*

DOES ANYBODY ELSE WANT A PRIZE?

I was surprised and greatly delighted when I received the prize for the Mid-Summer Contest. The book was very interesting and I enjoyed it so much that I shall have to procure the other two volumes so as to complete my list of Maryknoll books.—*Mary Doran, Waterbury, Conn.*

WHAT'S DAD GOING TO DO WITH THE BRICKS?

Enclosed find money order for five dollars. I sold the bricks that you sent to my father. If the bricks were smaller I could sell them more quickly; so I split them.—*Denis Dore, Jr., Long Island City, N. Y.*

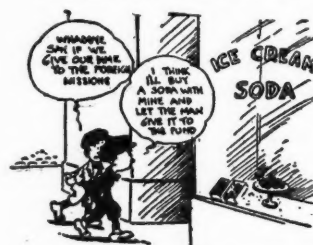
PRAY, JUNIORS, PRAY!

I was very glad to hear from you. Today is the First Friday and when I went to Mass this morning I said some prayers for the missionaries and I will try to think of them often in my prayers. Yes, I do enjoy reading THE FIELD AFAR and we have been getting it for almost eight years.—*Mildred Lee, Buffalo, N. Y.*

MORE JUNIORS

I should like very much to become a member of the Maryknoll Juniors. I am going to get a mite box so that I may soon be able to buy a little Chinese baby. I will try to work hard and get as many new Juniors as I can to join the League.—*Francis Kirby, Columbus, Ohio.*

SOMETHING TO DO—3



A prize for the cleverest title on this Junior's logic.

WEAR THE LEAGUE EMBLEM

How Takao Found the Child

(A true story by Fr. John C. Murrett)



THE *Kaeru* was only a light freight vessel, scarcely durable enough to stand the hard seas of the Pacific. It had been making its way from Yokohama to Honolulu, back and forth, for many years, and now word had come that "the old tub" would go to Seattle. Some of the seasoned Japanese sailors shook their heads at the news, and winked slyly at one another. When the day of departure would come, they would be among the missing! But one of the crew received the news with something of a thrill.

Takao was about seventeen. He had secured employment on the boat through the influence of a friend who found no scruple in adding a few years to the boy's age. And now he would be off to America, to the United States—the El Dorado of every poor man's dreams; the land flowing with milk and honey! No wonder his spirits were high.

Shortly after leaving port, the *Kaeru* ran into a heavy sea, but the crew comforted themselves with their proverb, "It is good to have head winds at the start." Poor Takao, however, was a picture of woe. What if he were the proud descendant of a long line of samurais? When the boat rolled and dipped not even the most stately of knights could look composed and dignified. Now the sides groaned; now the top mast fell; the ship was thrown about mercilessly for days in the heavy sea. There was little sympathy for the newcomer—sickness must be overcome; there was no place for a weakling on an ocean-going freighter. And so to save "face," Takao had to work through long, arduous days and black, fearful nights.

MARYKNOLL WILL HELP YOU

Are you looking for gifts that will give lasting pleasure and yet be moderate in cost? Try the Maryknoll Books—there are titles for all tastes. And a special discount is offered for this Christmas season.

The head winds were not only at the start; they accompanied the unfortunate crew until, weeks later, in the first rays of light one morning, the Canadian shore appeared.

"A day on shore, and then return," the Captain had said. Return to the waves? to a battered ship? to another siege of tyranny? The boy's heart sank within him as he faced the dismal picture on one hand, and America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave" on the other. Off to sea is all very well for seamen, but Takao decided then and there he did not belong to that class. When the *Kaeru* turned its nose north into Puget Sound a day later, there was an angry captain aboard, but no Takao.

A public school's first grade in Pacific coast cities finds place for many a young Oriental anxious to get the foundations of the English language. So it was that Takao found himself placed among the tiny tots. But the youth was anxious to learn quickly, and he passed along from grade to grade. In the meantime he had secured a position as house boy—a task which left him free to attend school during the day, and sometimes at evening.

It was a lonely life with no companions. Even at school he found no one congenial or anxious to be his friend—at times he was even shunned. Then there was the hurrying home to sweeping, dusting, dishwashing, and the hundred and one errands always before him. His employers, he soon learned, were not Christians—nor was he; but there was a difference he had not known before.

After some months, when days grew shorter and somewhat colder, a holiday was declared at school. Takao could not learn just what this "Klismas" was, and when he asked his employer the man seemed angry; later he told the boy it was a day which Jewish people did not observe.

At last the day of the feast came, and Takao, mindful of his native festivals, thought it would be a day of celebration and rejoicing. The life of the household, however, saw no change unless it was that the mistress seemed

overbearing and more exacting in her demands. Everything went wrong; the laundryman failed to come; the grocery was closed; the cook had come late; the house was now too cold, now too hot—and Takao was blamed for all.

A chill evening crept over the city as the tired, harrassed youth set out for a walk through the quiet streets. Homes were gaily lighted; greens were everywhere in profusion; happiness seemed in the air—but the lonely boy felt no part in the joy.

A great building flung wide its doors—a building with something of the temple about it, but more inviting. Alone and tired, Takao went slowly up the few steps, glad to find any haven of rest. The odor of incense was heavy in the air, a candle shielded with a red globe burned directly ahead, and in one corner a few little lights flickered in the dusk. Gradually, as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, Takao could see statues like the gods of his native temple, but their faces were not fearsome. In the farther corner he could trace the outlines of what seemed to be a group of statues, and a feeling of peace took possession of him as he sat there unmindful of the passing time.

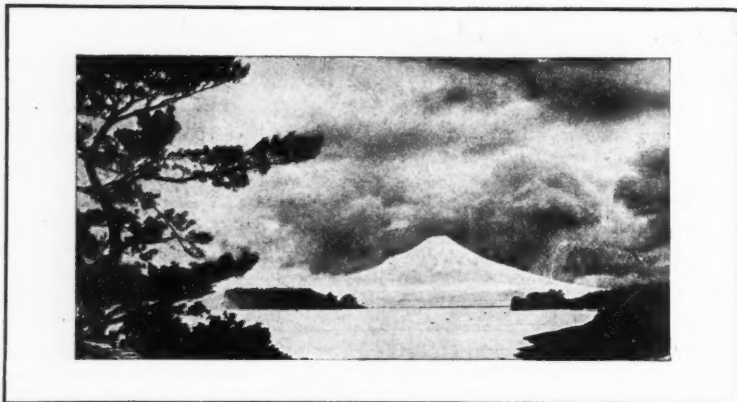
Rousing himself finally, he approached the statues—some men, one woman, and a little Child lying in straw. All were meaningless, but so striking was the attitude of reverence in the figures surrounding the Babe that he knelt, the better to view the scene.

Fr. Francis X. Costello had for years been the self-appointed janitor of Loyola Church. His Jesuit confrères teased him occasionally about the task he had undertaken; but the good priest considered it a sacred duty to see that the church was securely closed for the night, that all flickering candles were out, and that a last "good-night" was said to the lonely Guest.

FOR YOUR READING FRIENDS

Stories, biographies, travels in mission lands, well written and attractively produced, are found on the Maryknoll shelf. A special discount is offered on quantities. See the back cover.

SUBSCRIBE FOR A FRIEND



FUJIYAMA—THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN

Christmas had been a hard day. Since midnight, Fr. Costello had hurried from one duty to another—"going every minute". Now, with Benediction over, he had decided to lock up the church, and go to bed.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed as he stumbled against a form in the darkness before the crib. "Hello," he whispered. "Chinese?"

"No, Japanese," came the answer from the thoroughly frightened Takao. "Catholic?" was the next question; but the boy was perplexed with the word, and could not answer.

"You know?" the priest asked, pointing to the crib; but the boy spoke his ignorance of the subject. Then as simply as he could, the good man told the age-old story of a God becoming an Infant through love of men.

"But when He grew up," the priest went on, "this is what men did to Him." And he led the stranger along the Way of the Cross, through the whole sorrowful journey to Calvary and the tomb.

Here, thought Takao, is the greatest love I have ever known. "May I hear more about Jesus?" he asked eagerly. The priest saw that grace had touched this young heart, and he bade him return when he could.

A year later, Takao was baptized "Stephen", and Jesus took up His abode in the young man's heart.

Fr. Costello was happy. He had lain for months on a bed of pain, alone through long hours save for the visits of his confrères. He had just finished

first Vespers of his patronal feast when a young man dressed in black came into the room. "Who is this?" called out the priest.

A soft voice answered, "Stephen, Father." The young man's eyes filled with tears as he saw the suffering of his friend. "You are not well, Father," he said, "but I have much news to make you happy." And he recounted for the priest all that had transpired since their last visit eight years before.

There had been the years at high school and at college; work among the Japanese of the city; a return to Japan where the angered captain had been appeased, and a proud father made happy because his son had proved honorable; the visit to St. Francis Xavier's shrine; and back again where new conquests were to be made for Christ. "And I come to tell you finally, my dear Father," the young man concluded, "that I am to enter the seminary at mid-term to study for the priesthood. Then I shall return here for the happiest Christmas I may ever know—that of my first Mass."

Fr. Costello was happy. "May you be a Francis Xavier to your own people!" he whispered as he smiled contentedly.

When finally Stephen left the room the priest reached again for his breviary, and only God and the angels saw the sweet, satisfied smile as he murmured, *Nunc dimittis servum tuum Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace. Now, O Lord, Thou shalt dismiss Thy servant according to Thy Word, in peace.*



These beautiful stories will not only open our eyes to the need that China has of the knowledge and love of our Divine Lord, but in many cases will also show us how wonderfully these "other sheep" respond to the call.

—St. Joseph's Sheaf



Much harm has been done to the Chinese people by stories that make them out to be ruthless, calculating, and selfish. These tales prove that human nature in China is much like human nature in every other part of the globe. The volume will counteract the evil and pernicious influence of Chinatown stories, and thus constitute an act of reparation long due to a people that has been unscrupulously slandered.—The Salesianum



Stories of the Chinese Missions
by Alice Dease

Price \$1.50

Maryknoll

New York

SUPPORT A CATECHIST

OUTPOST MESSAGES

HAKKA HOWLS, a homemade product from the Kaying section of our mission field, publishes the following items:

Our Retreat Master was much pleased with our surroundings. He elaborated on the delightful trip up from Swatow, especially on the quietness and speed. When they get their boats going, navigators in these waters keep going swiftly and quietly for very sufficient reasons. We withheld from Fr. Neary the information that, of the three boats that started from Chow Chew Fou for Chung Kow, his, having a guard of thirty soldiers on board, was the only one not taken by pirates.

Sancian Island was the vacation place of Bros. Albert and Michael. They spent a few days at Tin Tou and Chik-kai as guests of Fr. McGinn, and were much edified by the fervor of the Christians. Bro. Albert is constructing a chapel and seminary wing at the Kong-moon Mission Center, and the work is well under way.

THE CHI-KNOLLER, which goes from the Hong Kong Procure to each missionary and to houses in the homeland, had the following announcement recently:

We are sending a copy of the new *Chinese Catholic Monthly* to all the mission stations. There is no charge for this, but it is expected that those who order in quantities will help toward meeting expenses. About three dollars HK for one hundred copies is considered the proper contribution.

This is a propaganda paper written for pagans as well as for Christians. One page is devoted to news from the Milan missions, but Fr. Granelli will be glad to substitute for this a page of news from our own missions if our order is big enough; e.g., a thousand copies, and providing "copy" is supplied. Over and above this contribution of news, the editor earnestly solicits articles on faith, morals, and so forth. Chinese is preferred, although articles may be written in English or Latin.

THE FIELD AFAR will help to keep a joyous spirit in the classroom.

JOTTINGS FROM HAWAII

THE older Catholics of Hawaii love to recall certain characteristics in connection with their past bishops. They tell of one who would ride about during the week, looking up those who were absent from Mass the previous Sunday. He would condole with and minister to them in cases of sickness, and he would address a fatherly reprimand if the absenteeism from Mass was wilful.

Bishop Alencastre is likely to pass down into history as the "Bishop of the Schools"—the bishop whose wise foresight made the future triumph of the Church on the Islands secure. Great strides have been made by him in the educational field since his induction into the episcopal office. He has expressed the hope to provide every parish in Honolulu with a parochial school.

For young ladies in Honolulu there are two large and splendidly equipped academies conducted by Sisters of the Society of the Sacred Hearts. This fall the Brothers of Mary moved into their new million-dollar plant which is built in a very striking situation facing the entire city. In spite of the additional room provided, the Brothers were obliged again to refuse many disappointed students.

The institutions of the Franciscans are growing so rapidly that they find it difficult to staff all of them.

The Maryknoll Sisters are starting a second parish school in Honolulu, beginning with the lowest grades, to

which classes will be added year by year; and they have taken over a school and orphanage in Maui. Sisters' names are not easily remembered, but for the benefit of our readers who are interested, here you are:

Maui:

Sr. M. Celeste, Sr. M. Beata, Sr. M. Thomasina, Sr. M. Judith, Sr. M. Emily, Sr. M. Stanislaus, Sr. M. Benigna, Sr. M. Aimee, Sr. M. Vianney, Sr. M. Charlotte, Sr. M. Luke, Sr. M. Regis, Sr. M. Hugh, Sr. M. Isabel, Sr. M. Barbara.

Sacred Heart School, Honolulu:

Sr. M. Veronica, Sr. M. Berchmans, Sr. M. Lumena, Sr. M. Chanel, Sr. M. Marguerite, Sr. M. Mathias, Sr. M. Bernardine.

St. Anthony's School, Honolulu:

Sr. M. Tarcisius, Sr. M. Callista.

Hecla School:

Sr. M. Alphonsa, Sr. M. Gregory, Sr. M. Adrienne, Sr. M. Pieta.

SPONSOR A SISTER

IN the Maryknoll sector under the Bishop of Mukden, Fr. Lane laments that an overdrawn bank account—fortunately covered but with no balance—forbids his calling the Maryknoll Sisters to his aid.

If less than a half dozen people could be found to sponsor these Sisters at two hundred and fifty dollars a year, there would be joy in Manchuria and thanksgiving at the Maryknoll convent.

ROUGHING IT FOR THE MASTER



In the countries of the Orient, when the foreign missionary carries the good tidings of great joy across hills and valleys to scattered hamlets, he is accompanied by his most faithful and valued helpers, the native catechists. These Korean and Chinese lay workers are ready to endure great hardships in order to announce to their countrymen that a Savior is born to them, Who is Christ the Lord.

In South China, the salary of these heralds of Christ is fifteen dollars a month. In Korea, where living expenses are higher, a minimum monthly wage of twenty dollars is required.

READ MARYKNOLL BOOKS

FROM AN OLD FRIEND

THOSE among our readers who have been taking THE FIELD AFAR for some years will remember with a smile the delightful letters which came occasionally from Fr. Rogan, inimitable and unquenchable Mill Hill scribe, who wrote from the heart of Africa.

This same Fr. Rogan is now Prefect Apostolic with the title of Monsignor, but his honors seem not to have quenched his good humor, and he wrote recently as follows:

"Well, what have you stopped for now? Wayside repairs? The March and April copies of THE FIELD AFAR finished the course and drew up at Buea, West Africa, with cool engines; but the May, June, and July copies must have found some of the jumps between U. S. A. and here too much for them. Well, not every horse that goes to the starting-gate passes the winning-post, and not every paper that goes to the post office keeps its course. But why cannot it be some other paper that gets lost?

I have just been going through some posthumous papers of mine. Among them are several blackmailing appreciations which I used to send periodically to my brothers. You've heard of these brothers of mine? No? Ask to see the records in the manuscript room at Sing Sing.

One of them, the youngest, has just arrived in Ireland from Central America where he has been a fisher of men on the islands in the Caribbean Sea. His health had been wretched. We were very much concerned about him. I myself, during my recent short stay in Ireland, had been sending radio-hydro—his master's voice—telegrams from 2 Hallo, London, requesting him to grant us the favor of dying at home. I had even arranged with a catering firm of Dublin to meet his Caribbean corpse at the North Wall with one of their air-tight, central-heating, ventilated refrigerators, for immediate removal to Glas—!

And do you know what happened? Two weeks later he walked out of a Colon Hospital carrying three of his ribs in his hand.

And this was his answer to my radio: "What's this you suggest about a week-end on Long Island—stop—nothing doing—stop—only been in Caribbean eleven years, not twelve—stop—just getting acclimatized—you are wrong again in your numbers—stop—have only been operated on fifteen times, not sixteen—there's luck in odd numbers—stop—don't keep your boy waiting for an answer—good-bye—ring up again in 1936—till then, JIM."

Have you any brothers like that? I have two others; they are star-twins too, and need a "scenario" to themselves.

So good-bye. Really, I'm terribly lonely for THE FIELD AFAR.

CONSECRATED SERVICE

AT Maryknoll, on the Feast of Christ the King, a fortunate group of young women consecrated themselves to His service as novices and professed members of the Foreign Mission Sisters of Saint Dominic.

Those who received the habit of the congregation were: Irene O'Reilly, Montreal, Canada (Sr. Teresa Marie); Ruth E. Naegel, Allentown, Pa. (Sr. M. Cassia); Anna H. McAnany, Philadelphia, Pa. (Sr. M. Francis Regis); Edith V. Gourlay, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Sr. Alphonsus Marie); Anna Sexton, Framingham, Mass. (Sr. M. St. Anne); Madeleine C. Karlon, New York City (Sr. M. Madeleine Sophie); Winifred T. Corcoran, Dorchester, Mass. (Sr. Maria del Rey); Ellen Maloney, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Sr. M. Patricius).

The Sisters who made their first vows were: Sr. M. Albertine Kenkel, St. Louis, Mo.; Sr. M. Paula Sullivan, Burlington, Vt.; Sr. M. Mark Killoran, Detroit, Mich.; Sr. M. Canisius Meyer, Windsor, Canada; Sr. M. Loretto Clark, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sr. M. Lucille Scott, Hoboken, N. J.; Sr. M. Alacoque Werner, New York City; Sr. M. Alma Erhard, Scranton, Pa.; Sr. M. Cronan Flynn, City Island, N. Y.; Sr. M. Olivia O'Donnell, Dorchester Center, Mass.; Sr. M. Cecile O'Neill, Forge Village, Mass.; Sr. Marie Mullen, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sr. M. Dorothy Walsh, Kokomo, Ind.; Sr. M. Xaveria Wittman, Erie, Pa.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Rome and the Study of the Scripture

By Rev. Cyril Gaul, O.S.B. Abbey Press, St. Meinrad, Ind. Price 25¢ single copy; special prices for quantities.

Religion

(A Secondary School Course.)

By Rev. Raymond Campion S.T.B., M.A., Brooklyn Preparatory Seminary, Brooklyn, N. Y. Published by W. H. Sadlier Co., New York.

Life of Mother Adelaide of St. Theresa

By Fr. A. F. Valerson, O.C.D. Prompt Publishing Co., Oklahoma City, Okla. Price 50¢.

Une Soeur Missionnaire

By E. Desbarax, 24 rue de Namur, Louvain, Belgium.

The Manna Almanac

Published by the Society of the Divine Savior, St. Nanzianz, Wis. Price 25¢ postpaid, single copy; quantity prices on request.

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(Rev. M. D. Forrest, M.S.C.)

Can a Catholic be President?

(Rev. B. L. Conway, S.C.P.)

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The Pope and the President

(Cardinal Newman)

Catholic Loyalty

(Cardinal Gibbons)

Pamphlets published by The Paulist Press, 401 West 59th St., N. Y. C.

GREATER LOVE THAN THIS

LAST month recorded the feast days of twelve valiant Christians who won the martyr's crown in China. Of these twelve, one was a bishop, six were priests, four laymen, and one a widow. Nine of the twelve were Chinese.

AMONG THE JAPANESE

The consecration of Bishop Januarius Hayasaka in Rome, and his recent visit to the United States have roused fresh interest in the Church of Japan.

There are a number of Japanese Catholics in Manchuria, who by their sturdy Faith show themselves worthy descendants of the early Japanese martyrs. Father Leopold H. Tibesar, a Maryknoll missionary of Quincy, Illinois, is the first Catholic pastor of the important city of Dairen. He has met with splendid co-operation from the Japanese Catholics in Dairen, and is planning to open up another center among the Japanese in the historic town of Port Arthur.

Father Tibesar is young, zealous, appreciative of his Japanese Christians; only one big obstacle lies in his path. The obstacle—of course—is an empty purse.

GET THE MITE BOX HABIT

Circle Interest

[A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and others a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll, at home and in the mission field. Circles formed in a parish are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.]

Address

Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

GREETINGS to our loyal Circle members at this blessed season! When Christmas comes may it find each heart happy, and may its passing leave with each the precious peace that came to earth on the first Christmas night.

Gratitude is a keynote of Christmastide, and ours—deep and sincere—goes out to all who are coöperating with us in our efforts to bring Christ to those who know Him not. God's Son became a little babe that He might save the souls of men, and surely there are special graces at Bethlehem for those who generously give of self and substance to spread the message of the Incarnation.

SANCIAN SEA SHELLS

Say it a little rapidly, and then repeat. The idea? Oh, simply that the Circle Director at Maryknoll has received from the Bishop of Kongmoon a parcel containing sea shells from Sancian Island.

The Bishop believes that many friends of Maryknoll will like such a souvenir, and that out of their small offerings he will be able to provide for three lepers in whom he is interested. For each of these he is seeking forty dollars.

A welcome to the two latest arrivals in the Circle field—*St. Anthony's Circle* of Milton, Mass., and *St. Catherine's Circle* of Philadelphia. New Circles means always new ideas, so we shall be anxious to get reports from these friends, and to hear their plans for the months ahead.



Reproduced from a Chinese panel prepared at Siccawei, Shanghai

PRAY FOR MISSIONERS

The *Chi Rho Club* of Cambridge, Mass., is particularly interested in the work at Malabon and in Maui where former members, now Maryknoll Sisters, are engaged in school work. The members have sent generous gifts to both missions.

We have come to depend upon the *Venard Club*, its help is so constant and generous. The latest stringless gift, one hundred dollars, was accompanied by one of fifty dollars for Fr. Malone in China. He will be heartened, as we are, by the fine coöperation of these young men.

Are you going to have a Christmas shower for Maryknoll? It is one way of putting the Christ Child on your Christmas list. No one will feel too big a sacrifice in bringing a cake of soap, a tube of tooth paste, a towel, or a pair of socks to the next Circle meeting, but the accumulation will mean real help to the big family here at Maryknoll, and to the missionaries.

Another way to help is to fill the mite box which will be handy to catch the results of your little sacrifices during Advent. Real Christmas joy is the fruit of giving—and your gifts to God will bring rich blessings.

A third thought is from the mission field. Why not sponsor a little Chinese babe, and offer it to the Divine Infant on His feast? Five dollars will enable the missionaries to rescue a waif from paganism. Many of the babies thus adopted do not live, but what intercessors such souls will be for those who have won for them the grace of Baptism!

THOSE NATIVE PRIESTS

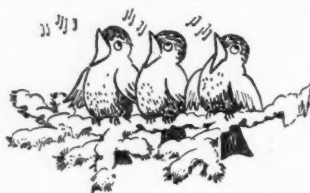
ONE of the greatest of our popes has said, "Rather one Chinese priest than ten thousand converts." A Chinese priest is a pearl of great price; he wins countless souls for God, and appeals to his countrymen as no foreign priest can. There should be special urge in the realization that by adopting a native seminarian, one will share in so promising a ministry.

There are fine boys in China who are praying today that God will give them a godparent—someone to adopt them and sponsor their preparation for the priesthood.

A Chinese adopted son will not easily forget his godparent; nor will God be outdone in generosity.

The Christ Child for All.

Chirps for Our Benefactors



WE are grateful, indeed, for a generous response to our appeal for departure expenses. We had many to put across and are happy to state that we received nearly enough money to "put them across". They are safely landed, and have begun their language study.

Most of the offerings came in small denominations representing, we believe, large sacrifices. Two benefactors each sponsored one outgoing missionary's travel expense, and six others gave one hundred dollars or over.

We have also recorded since our last issue four mission gifts, running from one to three hundred dollars; two annuities, one of two thousand, the other of one thousand; two burses for Korean seminarians, and two large stringless gifts, one of three thousand dollars, the other, one thousand.

A will of two hundred dollars matured, and two others were announced, one from Buffalo, N. Y., one from Chester, Pa.

These notable gifts are a God-send and naturally more than welcome. Yet they are no more welcome than the smaller gifts that come in our daily mail from hundreds who accompany their offerings with the fervent wish that they could be ten and a hun-

dred times as large. God has been good to Maryknoll, and those whom He has inspired to coöperate in this work will surely be blessed for their sacrifices. We feel, too, that the prayers of our friends follow us.

We have much to do this year both at home and abroad, and our outlays will be great, but not greater than our confidence in God.

Through the kindness of a friend of mine, in San Francisco, I am a subscriber to *THE FIELD AFAR*. I feel that I should pass this benefit on to somebody else, so I am going to send you the name of another to whom I want you to send *THE FIELD AFAR* for one year. It just struck me that if this idea could be carried out further it would mean a very large increase in the number of your subscriptions.

Everybody who sees Bethany (the hostel which some of our Sisters direct) likes the place. Those who once stay over wish to repeat the experience, and those who know the beauty of the country in the winter never confine their visits to summer days.

My only criticism of *THE FIELD AFAR*, which continues to be as interesting as ever, is that you don't boast enough about the work of those fine boys of yours in the Far East.—*Rev. Friend, Mass.*

I am grateful for the book of Maryknoll Letters. The reproduction of photographs adds to the interest of the reading matter, and I have just spent a happy hour browsing through it, reading here and there, and, like the small boy, looking at the pictures.—*An Eastern Bishop.*

THE STRINGLESS GIFT

"Why do you like the Stringless Gift best?" a friend asks. Because we can look over the Maryknolls here and abroad (there are over sixty of them now), note where the need is most pressing, and apply the gift. In this way, we are often able to save money for the cause.

WHATEVER YOU GIVE

BUILDING OUR BURSES

A bursar is a sum of money invested so as to draw a yearly interest which will be applied to the board, housing, and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary or at one of its Preparatory Colleges.

The usual amount subscribed is five thousand dollars (\$5,000) for a bursar in this country; fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) for a native student bursar in Eastern Asia.

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<i>Kate McLaughlin Memorial Bursar</i>	4,050.00
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Additions to the incomplete burses and funds in the lists below are invited:

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Deceased: Bridget McDonough; Mary McDonough; John McDonough; Mary McDonough; John F. Agnew; Neil J. McConologue; John Fraher; James McCarthy; Patrick E. Fennelly, M.D.; Souls in Purgatory; Mary Giovannoni; Catherine Donoghue.

IN MEMORIAM

WE ask the prayers of our readers for the repose of the souls of the following friends of Maryknoll:

Rev. Thomas Devlin, Rev. James H. O'Neil, Mrs. Bridget Dowd, Lawrence Casey, Joseph R. Devlin, Mrs. Isabella Yillece, Mrs. Walters, Elizabeth F. Dunn, Mrs. James H. Ginty, Catherine T. McPherson, Margaret Moore, Mrs. John Mullen Mrs. Elsen, George W. Harrington, Mrs. Emelia Odenheimer, Margaret Woods, Johanna Larkin, Anna Buckley, Hannah Feore, Peggy Blake, Mrs. Catherine Lentz, Frank J. Milon, Patrick Donnelly, Jack H. Beck, James Reilly, Mrs. C. Gurry, Dr. E. J. Smith, M. C. M. Flock, Jefferson Lane, Mrs. Mary Foran, Lillian A. Mahoney, Ellen Smith, Joseph Schaefer, Mrs. Esther Kelly, Mrs. Frances Buckley.

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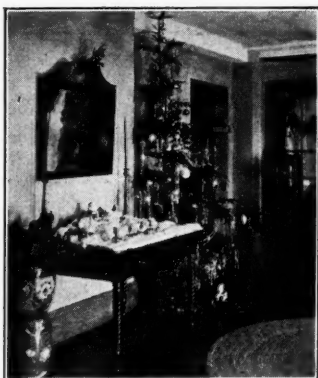
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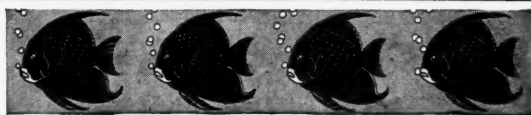
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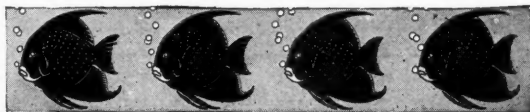
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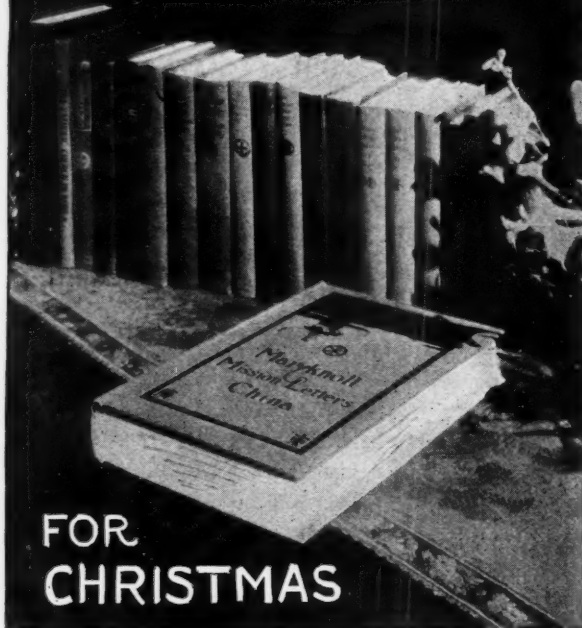
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